

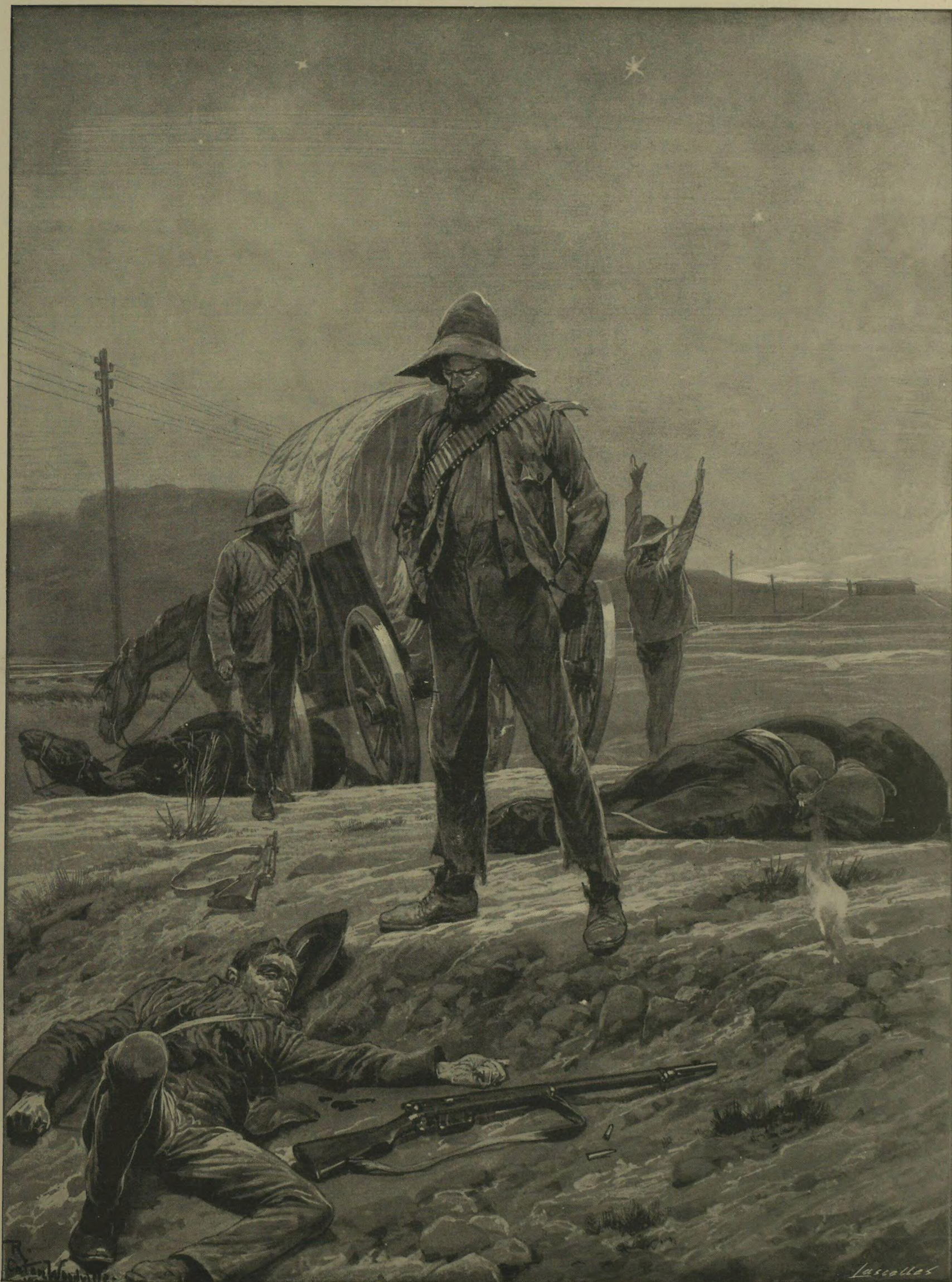
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



LORD KITCHENER'S BLOCKHOUSE SYSTEM IN OPERATION: BOERS ATTEMPTING TO CROSS THE RAILWAY STOPPED BY THE BLOCKHOUSE LINE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Lord Roberts has given a flat denial to the filthy lies about the British Army in South Africa. I suppose there is not a military man in Europe or America to whom this denial does not carry absolute conviction. For that matter, military men do not give the slightest countenance to the statements in Germany by Vallentin and Lavalle, *arcades ambo*. Certainly nobody knows our officers and soldiers better than the foreign military attachés who accompanied Lord Roberts in his campaign. Never a reflection upon British humanity fell from them. I remember that the American attaché, Captain Slocum, in his report upon the war, expressed disapproving wonder at the leniency of our methods. It is the ill-informed civilian who suffers from the most malignant form of Boeritis, which a friend of mine likens to the "dancing sickness" in the Middle Ages. This distemper used to spread through a country, throwing thousands into muscular convulsions. There is a legend that, in an old German town, many of the citizens danced for a year without stopping, until the ground beneath them had sunk considerably below the level. A similar malady afflicts many Germans to-day, who may be cured by the suggestion in one of their own journals that the ground which is sinking beneath them is their commercial prosperity. German trade with England, this counsellor hints, is too valuable to be imperilled by crazy hatreds.

Mr. Stead, I understand, believes that our destiny is incorporation with the United States. This may alarm the statesmen at Washington, who seem to be sufficiently perplexed by the problem of Cuba. Cuba, having lost her trade with Spain, cannot keep solvent unless allowed to trade with America. But the Louisiana sugar-planters cannot tolerate her competition; so it is cheerfully proposed to crush her with the Dingley Tariff, a beautiful sequel to liberation, as I daresay Mr. Dooley has already noticed. Now, if we are to be taken into the American Union, we must be Dingleyed too, unless the entire population of these islands is to be transported to America, and distributed among the States that may desire our company. Many of them, I imagine, would prefer us to remain on this side the ocean; but there should be a wild competition for the society of Mr. Stead. He might even now be invited by all the States to sit in both Houses of Congress as the criterion of supreme absurdity. It would be useful for American politicians of the same order of mind to measure themselves by Mr. Stead. Mr. Bryan, for example, would then appreciate his own eclipse; and the Capitol at Washington might be rechristened the Temple of Julia.

Mr. Kipling's poem, "The Islanders," has the defect of satire that overshoots the mark. This seems to be inevitable when satire is written in verse; witness a good deal of "Maud," upon which Mr. Kipling has plainly modelled his style in this instance. Tennyson wrote as if the England of that day were given over to shopkeepers, who sanded their sugar, and cheated with their weights and measures. War was recommended as a cure for adulteration. When the poet has a swinging rhythm, and a turn for biting phrases, he is pretty sure to yield to exaggeration. Mr. Swinburne cannot write a scornful line now without grossly overdoing it. The pedestrian prose writer can keep a sense of proportion even when he is angry; he need not, like the bard, snatch the thunderbolts of Jove to hurl them at butterflies. I sympathise with Mr. Kipling's desire to save the country from relapsing into complacency and forgetting the need of reorganisation in all the departments of Empire. But does it serve this end to sneer at cricketers as "flannelled fools at the wicket"? Somebody has given a list of noted cricketers who have fallen in this war. They are not "flannelled fools," but brave men in their shrouds. Mr. Kipling never uses a phrase (cheap alliteration though it be) without a purpose; and in this case I believe he means that the cricketer would be better employed at the rifle-range. The suggestion that we give too much thought to games, and not enough to national defence, can be made very forcible in measured prose; but I fear it does not lend itself to "ringing and passionate" rhymes.

Mr. Kipling regards us as an unmilitary people, and tries to sting our pride. The reproach will do some service if it awakens a zest for military training. Conscription on the German or French model is not practicable in these islands, though no cautious man will undertake to say that we shall never see an enforcement of the Militia ballot. Is this any reason why military drill and marksmanship should not be made part of school discipline; or why naval training should not be encouraged in the coast-towns? I am not acquainted with any reason save that revealed by a singular politician, who lately declared it to be immoral, even in the midst of a war, "to rouse the fighting instincts of the people." How you can conduct a war without fighting instincts I do not know; but I presume this legislator thinks his country ought to be disabled for enterprises of which his conscience may disapprove. It would pain him, no

doubt, to see boys habituated to the thought of bearing arms, and I daresay he shudders when his own youngsters crave to play with toy soldiers. But the world is not governed in accordance with his tender scruples; and we have reason enough to be prepared for a time when it may be necessary to teach some of our traducers a lesson both by land and sea. Martial exercises might supplant the foolish excess of games, and give a new stimulus to recruiting for our Voluntary Army. People who think this would spread the wicked spirit of "militarism" might withdraw their children from schools where such a system was practised; but I do not anticipate that the national education will be controlled by the Society of Friends.

An imposing body, calling itself the Table-Tennis Association, is indignant that the name of "Ping-pong" should have been given by the light-minded to a "serious national game." I am a novice at ping-pong, and have played it with great zeal; but it did not strike me as "national" or "serious." A childlike joy possessed me when I landed the ball on the extreme edge of the table in a corner, and I thought it a capital pastime for making a middle-aged man spuriously youthful. Were I the Table-Tennis Champion of Twickenham, I might take the game with stupendous gravity. In my schooldays there was a boy named Martin, "a dab," as we used to say, at sports; but his indifference to other forms of culture excited the angry amazement of the reverend gentleman who was developing our minds. A precocious rhymester summed up the situation in these verses, upon a tattered copy of which I lighted the other day—

Young Martin has a faithful mind
For little games that do not matter;
But set him some deep truth to find,
And then his sportive wits will scatter.

Behold him smiling at the page,
Where not a word of Greek he masters;
This puts the Reverend in a rage,
Which is the way of learned pastors.

Rage glowing for the country's weal
May win a peerage or the Garter;
But why do weals that schoolboys feel
Make such as Martin look a martyr?

Why, in the Reverend's wrathful blaze,
Does discipline decline and shrivel?
And why does Martin's tranquil gaze
Turn laws and learning into drivel?

He's just the lad to dine with Zeus,
And chide him for the death of Hector,
Or cry to Bacchus, "Why the juice,
Old fogey, don't you pass the nectar?"

And tho' they could not understand
A word of his provincial patter,
He'd swear to teach them out of hand
The little games that do not matter.

I wonder whether the Table-Tennis Champion of Twickenham is equally inspired.

The egregious M. Drumont has an article in the *National Review* explaining the philosophical basis of Anti-Semitism. Every Jew, he says, is, by the inherited vice of race, a thief and a traitor. This was so well understood in the Middle Ages that wise citizens put their Jews periodically into brimstone shirts, and made bonfires of them. It is a mistake to suppose that this sound policy was dictated by religious animosity. The Middle Ages had no prejudice of that kind; but they knew how to deal with Jews. Nowadays a foolish sentimentalism regards the brimstone shirt as a "somewhat excessive" penalty. What is the consequence? The Jews have become so powerful that they were able to excite widespread sympathy with Dreyfus (a traitor because he was a Jew), and to set up a Dreyfus Ministry in France, paid to betray the country. M. Drumont rejoices to think that the truth is dawning at last even in England; so we had better ask the price of brimstone shirts at the haberdasher's, and invite M. Drumont to superintend the outfit. I commend the article in the *National Review* to anybody who is still unable to believe that the outpourings of a person without sense, knowledge, humour, or the most elementary notion of justice, can still have a popular influence in France.

It is improbable that burglars read the *Spectator*, or a letter in that journal last week would have excited their curiosity. The writer described a miser of his acquaintance who keeps his money in a bank, and draws it out in gold now and then for the pleasure of counting it. The burglars ought to discover him, and track his money-bags home. One night when the glittering pile is on the table, or the miser is lying on the coins to hear them clink luxuriously when he turns over in bed, the window will open silently, he will be paralysed with horror, and his faithful dog struck dumb; a knife will do its horrid work, and the gold will never return to the cashier who has charge of the deposit accounts. This is what happened to one miser in the "Ingoldsby Legends," when the burglars employed black magic to achieve their unholy purpose. But nowadays they have not spirit enough even to take a hint from the *Spectator*.

THE KING AND CONSUMPTION.

The event of the week as I write in the way of science has been the announcement that the King has consented to the employment of a large sum of money—£200,000, in fact—placed at his Majesty's disposal for charitable purposes, in the erection in England of a sanatorium for the cure of tuberculosis—or, in plain language, consumption. Already the medical journals are blazoning forth an advertisement of the terms under which prizes are to be awarded for the best essays concerning the erection, maintenance, and general constitution of such a building as is contemplated. As this competition is to be open to medical men of all nationalities, either as sole authors or in conjunction with architects, it may be presumed a large number of essays will fall to be adjudicated upon. His Majesty is assisted in his work by an Advisory Committee, whereof the constitution is entirely medical. It appears to me that if any increase of members is admissible, a sprinkling of architects of high standing might prove to be an advantage in so far as the deliberations of the Committee are concerned.

The main lines on which the sanatorium is to be constructed are indicated in the list of conditions printed for the guidance of the essay-writers. There are to be one hundred beds in the institution, and each patient is to have a room to himself or herself. Fifty beds will be apportioned to each sex. That to which special attention should be drawn is the fact that of the hundred beds, eighty-eight are to be assigned to "the more necessitous classes," while twelve will be reserved for well-to-do patients. "Superior arrangements to be made for the more wealthy patients"—so reads another item in the list of conditions. I venture to think that these ideas, if carried into practice, will nullify much of the good a great movement such as this is calculated to effect. Let me state my reasons plainly here, by way of appealing to his Majesty and to the Advisory Committee on behalf of classes of patients who, of all others, stand most sorely in need of the help a sanatorium run on charitable lines may afford.

I learn that the phrase "more necessitous classes" is meant to indicate people who can contribute a small sum each week for their maintenance in the sanatorium. Now, I do not know what is to be regarded as a small sum, but I do know that in the Basel Sanatorium at Davos Platz the cost of a patient's maintenance is about half-a-crown per day, and this cost, I understand, is defrayed by the municipality of Basel. Doubtless there are many patients who could contribute something each week towards the expense incurred; but I plead the cause of consumptives, hard-working, respectable bread-winners, who can pay nothing at all, and whose cases, I am afraid, will be left entirely unprovided for by the magnificent gift which has been placed in the King's hands.

Let me make my meaning perfectly clear. I take the cases of shop-girls, servants, poorly paid clerks, milliners, and workmen at large, all earning their daily bread, all anxious to work, and working, moreover, for wages that, in view of, say, the support of families in the case of many of them, admit of their saving little or nothing at all. They have no resources whatever. When illness attacks them, poverty is the inevitable companion of disease, and for them the hospital—or, failing that, a terrible struggle to live—is the sole refuge to which they can turn for aid. Suppose such persons to be stricken with consumption, where are they to go? Where can they be treated? The reply at present is, "Nowhere." Your regular pauper is provided for in workhouse infirmaries. Municipal and allied authorities will provide sanatoria for the lowest classes, who are paupers plain and simple; but the working man and working woman, the clerk and all such, who are not paupers, are left in this matter out in the cold.

Are they to be neglected in the case of the King's sanatorium? I hope not, and now that a great and happy chance has come of erecting and endowing a sanatorium out of a munificent gift, I trust his Majesty will be approached on this matter, and that the King and his Committee will weigh the case of the poor to whom I have alluded. Sir James Crichton Browne read a paper, to which I listened with devout attention, at the recent Congress on Tuberculosis, in which he clearly indicated the need for sanatoria for different classes. It is this very point I should like to press home now, so that the poor patient who can pay nothing, and who is not a pauper, may be sent back to work cured and healed, as he or she returns to labour from a general hospital. Surely what our great infirmaries do for this class we may expect the King's sanatorium to effect for them.

There is another point that strikes one as incongruous in the conditions advertised in connection with the King's scheme. Twelve out of the hundred beds are to be reserved for well-to-do patients, and for them "superior arrangements" are to be designed. I would ask, Why make arrangements for well-to-do patients at all in what is otherwise essentially a charitable institution? There will be no need of money to support it, and if money was required, the fees paid by twelve patients would not go far to reduce the expenditure. Again I ask, Will well-to-do people go to such an institution? I think not. There are dozens of sanatoria, private and comfortable, specially intended for their needs, and suited in every respect to their means. If I were a wealthy patient, I should prefer the private institution, if for no other reason than that therein the amenities of life to which I have been accustomed would be much more likely to be met with than where the bulk of the patients were of a lower class. His Majesty has a great opportunity of doing good to a large and deserving class of his subjects here. I pray him not to allow the chance to slip past. A. W.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"FROCKS AND FRILLS," AT THE HAYMARKET.

There is too much concern with frocks, too much detail of finance, and too little drama in "Frocks and Frills," Mr. Sydney Grundy's aptly-named adaptation of Scribe and Legouvé's comedy of intrigue, "Les Doigts de Fée." Yet the main conception of the play, mechanically worked though it is, is thoroughly *à propos*; it tells of a modern Cinderella (a little person charmingly represented by Miss Grace Lane) who, after being practically turned adrift by her blue-blooded but impoverished family, becomes head of a great millinery establishment, and is enabled, by rather unscrupulous manipulation of her customers, to secure her relatives a fortune. Moreover, the story introduces a number of humorous portraits of society types still actual to-day, and admirably interpreted by the strong cast engaged at the Haymarket. Mrs. Calvert as a grim dowager scornful of mushroom gentility, Mr. Eric Lewis as a pompous and blustering peer, Miss Ellis Jeffreys as a fine lady devoted to dress and cursed with a grating insincere laugh, above all, Mr. Cyril Maude as a kindly baronet who stammers when he wishes to ingratiate himself or to make love—these are perfectly suited; while Mr. Allen Aynesworth, Mr. Herbert Sleath, and Miss Lottie Venne repeat familiar and successful impersonations. But it is the frocks, supplied by four separate firms, which are the all-important and over-important element of the new Haymarket production.

"THE TWIN SISTER," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

An ingenious and fairly well-told story, its idea that of a neglected wife recovering her husband's love in the guise of a more sprightly "twin sister," superb stage appointments—to wit, a frescoed interior and Italian landscape of Mr. Hann's painting, fifteenth-century costumes of Mr. Byam Shaw's designing, and songs composed by Miss Liza Lehmann, as well as some agreeable acting of Mr. H. B. Irving and Miss Lily Brayton—these are the attractive features of the new Duke of York's production. The deplorable weaknesses of the would-be poetic drama of the Renaissance are poverty of language and lack of atmosphere. For Mr. Louis Parker's uninspired blank verse, quaint mixture of hackneyed figures and pathetic colloquialisms, the author, Herr Fulda, is hardly responsible; but he, for his part, never realises the lusty vitality and buoyant humour of Boccaccio's era, or even, save perhaps with the husband, the unrestrained passion of the Latin temperament.

MR. JOHN HARE AT THE CRITERION.

Nearly a dozen years have passed away since Mr. John Hare first appeared as Benjamin Goldfinch in "A Pair of Spectacles," years which have recorded this admirable comedian's assumption of such telling rôles as those of Eccles, of Roderick Heron, and of the Duke of St. Olpherts; of such popular rôles as those of the Gay Lord Quex, and of the discoverer of "The Fool's Paradise." But, just as "Les Petits Oiseaux" may be said to have furnished Mr. Hare with his first "star" part, so has it continued to afford him his best-known and his most remunerative part. Revived last Saturday at the Criterion, it still allows him to show in the character of the London brother a manner as charming, a humour as mellow, and a restraint as distinguished as he has ever exhibited.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Such a delicious piece of nonsense as "The Importance of Being Earnest" (a punning title) was too good to be kept locked up in Mr. Alexander's bureau, and the revival of this exhilarating champagne farce is quite assured of popularity. For though its paradoxes may be too often transposed truisms, and too often the language of all its characters, dowager and footman alike, a constant series of witty, but never intellectually exacting, speeches, a delightful imbroglio of just sufficiently inconsequent fooling is just what late diners of to-day require at the theatre. Thanks to the irresponsible wit of the author and the responsive spirit of Mr. Alexander, Mr. Graham Browne, Mr. Lyall Swete, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and the exquisitely girlish Miss Margaret Halstan, the latest St. James's play provides a constant fund of innocent merriment.

THE STAGE SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays are wont to provide intellectual stimulus rather than æsthetic satisfaction, and the "unpleasant" and unlicensed comedy of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," produced at the New Lyric Club's Theatre, is no exception to a general rule. There is no use in quarrelling with Mr. Shaw's choice of matter, and certainly his purpose is serious—only too deliberately prominent. But not even the able acting of Miss Fanny Brough can do more than emphasise the author's wit and stagecraft.

THE GERMAN PLAYS.

In "Die Grösste Sünde," produced on Tuesday, Jan. 7, at St. George's Hall, Otto Ernst, the author, proves once more that in the adherence to a principle the question of the breaking-strain must of necessity arise. Wolfgang Behring, the hero (well acted by Hans Andresen), is an ardent freethinker, who carries his convictions so far as to dispense with the Church's blessing on his marriage with Magdalene, the daughter of a rich merchant. Her family cast her adrift, but for a time the young couple are blissfully happy, living on Wolfgang's earnings as a teacher. Wolfgang, however, gives a lecture setting forth his views, and so incenses his audience that all his pupils are withdrawn. Disaster follows disaster. Their child dies, his wife falls ill, and, utterly broken in spirit, Wolfgang becomes a true example of the words of his friend Dr. Scharff: "When hunger finds no bread to eat, it feeds off courage." He makes a bargain with his father-in-law, receiving as payment for the renunciation of his principles a comfortable maintenance. His love for his wife has been deadened by the humiliations he has suffered, and it is only when he finds her brave enough to wipe out by death the dishonour of their life under the present conditions that he once more recognises the girl who gave up all for his sake.

MUSIC.

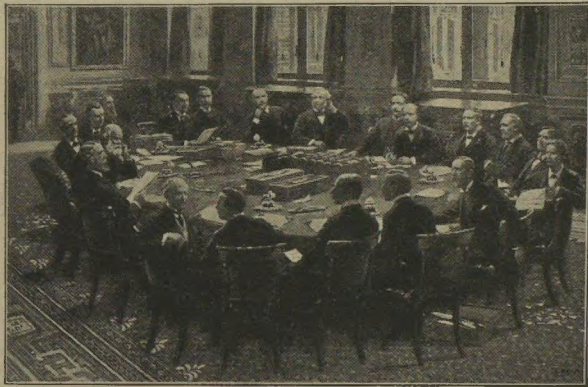
The New Year is not at present offering many attractions to the musical world. The concerts are scarce, and those that are given show very little variety in their programmes. Mr. Newman's concert on New Year's Day was a very popular one, judging by the crowded seats in the cheaper parts of the Queen's Hall. The "Pathetic Symphony" of Tschaikowsky was played, but it has been too often noticed for any critical observation. Mr. Wood, of course, conducted. Wotan's "Farewell," the bizarre "1812" Overture, with its quaint bells and organ and orchestral effects, and the "Pilgrim's Song" of Tschaikowsky, well sung by Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, were also part of the programme.

The Promenade Concerts are being held nightly through the month of January, and are giving most attractive programmes. Three overtures of Mozart were played consecutively on New Year's Night: the "Nozze di Figaro," "Die Zauberflöte," and "Don Giovanni."

On Saturday, Jan. 4, the Popular Concerts at the St. James's Hall were renewed, and the occasion was marked by the first appearance of "The Parisian Trio"—M. Raoul Pugno, M. Jacques Thibaud, and M. Joseph Hollman. The programme began with a trio in E minor, scored for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Saint-Saëns. It was played on Saturday for the first time at the Popular Concerts, and was certainly worthy of a hearing. It is graceful, melodious, and almost classic in its simplicity and freedom. The first movement was unfortunately momentarily arrested by the breaking of a violin string. It is chiefly notable for the small part the pianoforte takes, so that the work is practically a duet between the violin and violoncello; the pianoforte gives the accompaniment. The second movement has the quaint 5-8 time, and is more that of a scherzo than an allegretto, as it is named. The andante is the most beautiful movement, and the finale the most complicated, being an example of Saint-Saëns' brilliant counterpoint, and ending with a fughetta. The executants were admirable. M. Raoul Pugno, who has not appeared for some time in England, played brilliantly a nocturne and polonaise of Chopin, and the Rhapsodie No. 1 of Liszt. M. Jacques Thibaud played some violin soli, a romance in F of Beethoven, a gavotte (unaccompanied) of Bach, and a fantastic "Havanaise" of Saint-Saëns. M. Joseph Hollman played a not very well-known violoncello solo, with pianoforte accompaniment by Max Bruch, "Kol Nidrei," full of beauty, built upon an old Hebrew melody. M. I. H.

The first race-meeting for this year at Lingfield Park will be held on Jan. 22 and 23. The next fixture is for the 14th and 15th of the following month.

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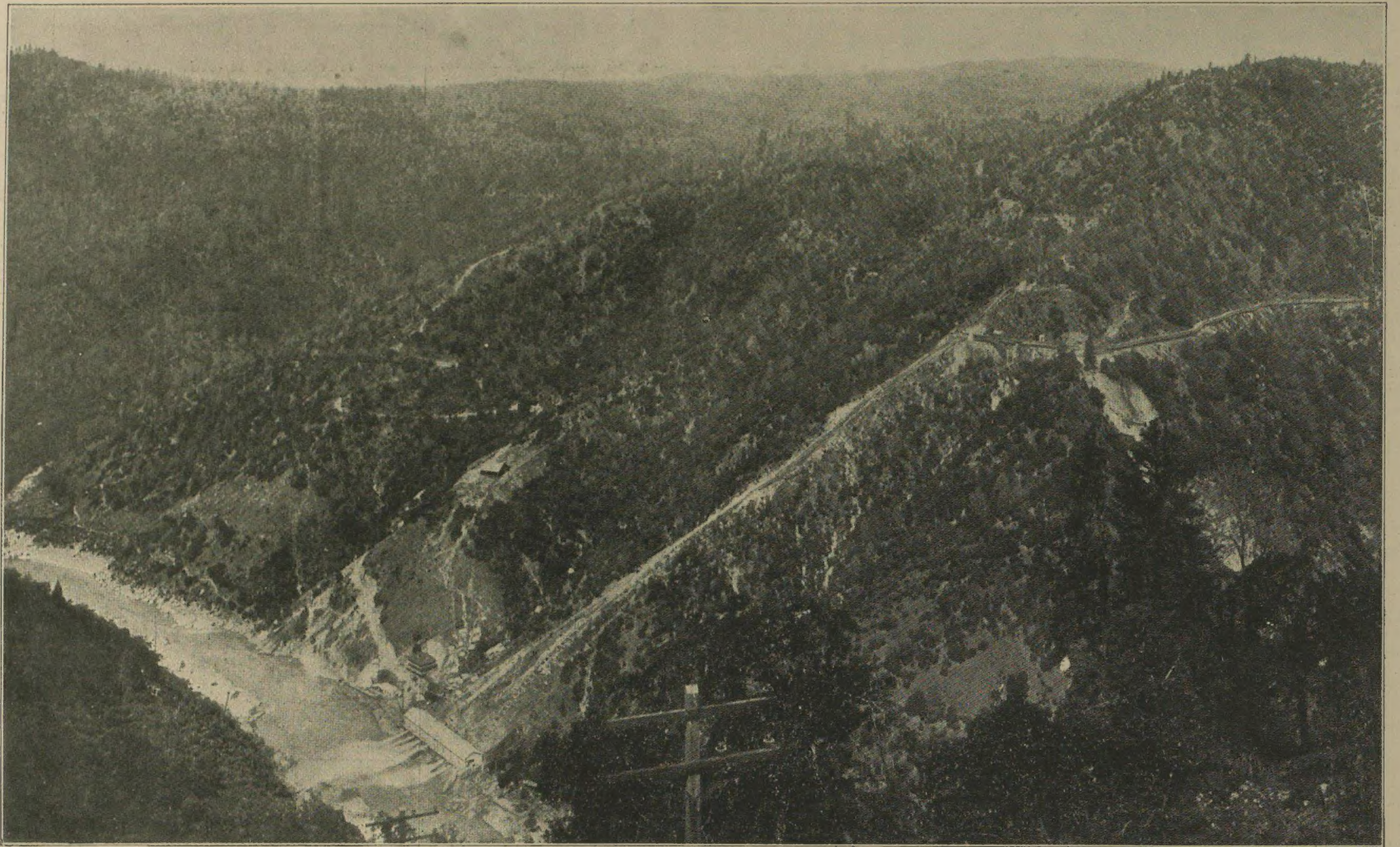
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CRANBURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

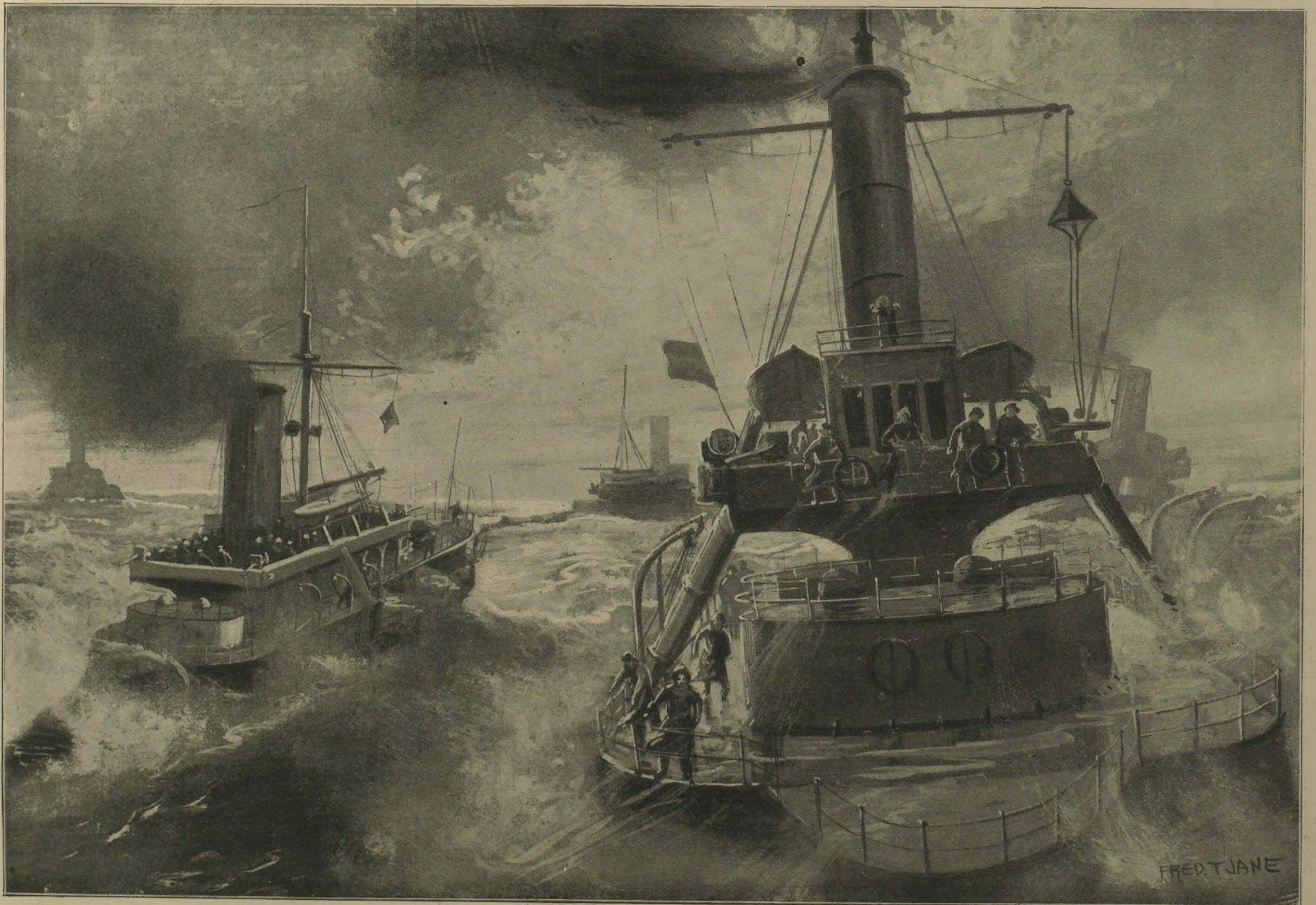
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THE LONGEST POWER-TRANSMISSION IN THE WORLD: THE STATION AT COLGATE, YUBA, WHICH SENDS MOTIVE POWER TWO HUNDRED MILES.
The Niagara current has as yet been sent to a distance of only forty miles.



Hydra.

Glatton.

Cyclops.

Gorgon.

Hecate.

REMOVED FROM THE EFFECTIVE LIST: THE LAST CRUISE OF THE COAST-DEFENCE MONITORS, "HYDRA," "GLATTON," "CYCLOPS," "GORGON," AND "HECATE."

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL NAVAL ARTIST.

The "Gorgon," "Cyclops," "Hecate" and "Hydra" are coast-defence monitors, each of 3500 tons, and each carrying four 18-ton muzzle-loading guns; the "Glatton" is of 4910 tons, and is armed with two 25-ton muzzle-loaders. None of the vessels has seen service. At the last Manœuvres they attended, in 1892, they proved themselves unmanageable and unseaworthy in all but the calmest weather.

Bishop of London. Rev. Edgar Sheppard.

Captain Stopford.

Hon. A. FitzClarence.

Rev. Damell-Bainbridge.



"GOLD, FRANKINCENSE, AND MYRRH": KING EDWARD'S EPIPHANY OFFERING AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S, ON JANUARY 6.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The oblation is commemorative of the gift of the Magi to the Infant Saviour. The presentation was made to the Sub-Almoner by the Gentlemen-Ushers.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING'S EPIPHANY OFFERING.

On Jan. 6 the King's Epiphany offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, typical of the gift of the Magi to the infant Saviour, was presented in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The service, which was fully choral, was the one which usually precedes the office of the Holy Communion at Morning Prayer. Immediately after the Grace of St. Chrysostom had been said, Captain W. J. Stopford and the Hon. A. FitzClarence, who had charge of his Majesty's oblation, stepped from the Court pew, and walked up the aisle preceded by a Sergeant and two Yeomen of the Guard, and followed by four others. Dr. Edgar Sheppard, the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, met them at the Communion rail, and received the royal gift on a golden salver. Formerly it was enclosed in a small scarlet box, but on this occasion, as on the previous



AN ANCIENT ARCH NEAR JERUSALEM.

In the enterprise, just now finished, of bringing the water of Ain Salah, near Solomon's Pools, to Jerusalem, the piping followed, generally speaking, the course of an old aqueduct. The building of the aqueduct is attributed to Solomon. At one point the aqueduct passes through a mountain by a tunnel, in which was discovered a perfectly constructed arch. The interest lies in the fact that it is said the principle of the arch was not understood and used until the time of the Romans.

one, it was contained in leather bags, similar to those in which the Maundy money is presented.

THE MADONNA OF ST. ANTHONY.

One by one the great art treasures of the world are passing into the possession of the wealthy American, and the most recent acquisition to Mr. Pierpont Morgan's collection is the Madonna of St. Anthony of Padua, also known as the great Colonna Madonna, which has been purchased from Mr. Sedelmayer for the sum of £100,000. This famous work of Raphael was painted in 1505 as an altarpiece for the nuns of St. Anthony of Padua at Perugia. In the principal panel, which is sixty-seven inches square, is represented the Virgin clad in a red robe and blue mantle embroidered with gold. She is seated on a high throne richly adorned, and on her right knee is the Infant Jesus. On the Virgin's left stands the little St. John, on whom Mary gazes tenderly. He wears a shirt of camel's hair and red drapery, and looks affectionately at the Infant Jesus, who is in the act of blessing the Forerunner. At the sides are St. Catherine with her wheel and St. Cecilia, and before them St. Peter and St. Paul. In the lunette is represented the Eternal Father surrounded by seraphs and angels.

THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

After more than five years' arduous labour, the plate laying of the Uganda Railway from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza has been completed. On Dec. 19, 1901, the rail reached the shores of the lake at Port Florence, and the first engine arrived at the terminus of the line. From the sea-coast to the lake, the extent of the railway is 572 miles, and the cost has been in round figures upwards of £8000 per mile. The difficulties of the undertaking can only be appreciated by one who considers carefully the sectional diagram of the line. In its course, the track

rises to a height of 3000 ft. above the level of the sea, and the eastern and western escarpments are of extraordinary abruptness. Dense forests had to be penetrated, rocks had to be cut or tunneled, and at the same time the workers had to contend with malarial fever and the attacks of wild beasts. The railway will bring facilities of transit within the reach of some four millions of people.

THE UNKNOWN SAHARA.

The forbidden Hinterland of Tripoli, which for the last half-century has not been visited by any foreign caravan, has been rediscovered by Mr. Edward Dodson, who led an expedition organised by Mr. J. I. S. Whitaker, the naturalist. The undertaking was one of peculiar toil and danger, and the Turkish authorities, who have jealously guarded the territory in question,

threw many obstacles in the way of Mr. Dodson's party. The Arab tribes were not infrequently hostile, and the climate and physical conditions impaired the travellers' health. On March last Mr. Dodson and his assistant, Mr. Drake, left London and travelled to Tripoli by way of Malta. There they purchased camels, and arranged for their journey into the interior, but just when they were ready to start, the Vali of Tripoli refused to allow them to carry cartridges. The authorities at Constantinople had accordingly to be telegraphed to for permission, and at length the Turkish Government told off a military escort of one sergeant and one private to accompany the expedition. The explorers, nine Arab servants, eight camels, and three horses, with the escort, traversed a tract of sand-dunes and then a cultivated region. In eight days they entered the Great Desert, where the heat, drought, and sandstorms tried them sorely. In a fortnight they reached Sofejin, one hundred and twenty miles south-east of the starting-place. Then they made a détour to visit a Roman reservoir, and were there warned by an Arab that the Wafella were about to attack the party. The next day they discovered the enemy's ambush, whereupon the Wafella made off. The Roman reservoir was found to be in excellent repair and water-tight. Having got a supply of water, they visited the Bonjem Oasis, where they failed to find food and where the Turkish sergeant died. The Roman remains at Bonjem are in splendid preservation; one of the buildings covers an area of 3600 square yards, and has a gateway with walls twelve feet thick. Four days' further march brought the

company to Sokna, and thence Mr. Dodson wished to proceed to Murzuk, three hundred miles further south, but his followers attempted mutiny, which was happily quelled. On their way they travelled for ten hours across a wonderful area of petrified trees. At Murzuk the explorers were arrested and detained five days, some of the men being roughly handled by the Arabs. They then retraced their steps to Sokna, and thence to the coast, where the Oulid Sleiman Arabs proved hostile, and the caravan was for the time an armed camp. The final return was by way of Ben Ghazi, Tripoli, and Malta. From a naturalist's point of view, the results were somewhat disappointing, but Mr. Dodson has made important additions to the existing charts.

LONGEST POWER-TRANSMISSION IN THE WORLD.

The utilisation of the force of the Niagara Falls for the making of electricity has led to the development of power-transmission



A KOREAN GIFT TO KING EDWARD: CATTLE PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY BY THE KING OF KOREA.

The animals, a bullock and a cow, were despatched from Chemulpo, and reached Wei-Hai-Wei in September. They became very tame under their long confinement, and before the voyage ended would fearlessly take food from the hands of the officers. The cattle were photographed on board the "Bisfleur," which conveyed them to England.

plants in the neighbourhood of the mountain ranges in Yuba and Nevada, California, which are now furnishing currents in sixteen of the counties of the State, at points two hundred miles apart. The Colgate power plant is placed on the north bank of the cañon of the North Yuba River, at the point where the old Missouri Bar trail crosses from bank to bank. The water is brought to the crest of the cliff above the power-house by means of a timber flume, seven and a half miles long, which draws its supply from impounded waters further up the cañon. Six feet deep, seven feet wide, and with a descent of thirteen feet to a mile, the flume winds its way slowly round the gorge until it reaches a large penstock of masonry, from which five anchored iron and steel pipes carry the water to the receivers and turbines at the foot of the incline, seven hundred feet below. The power-house at Colgate is larger than it looks, for the five pipes are each thirty feet in diameter, as they come to the door at the back, and the structure is 275 feet long by 40 feet in width. The pole lines or circuits that carry the electric current are among the most interesting features of the installation, not only on account of the distance traversed and the nature of the country, but the high potential that has been resorted to in order that small wires may be used. The current from Niagara Falls, it must be noted, has at present only been used at a distance of forty miles away.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BONINGTON'S "VENICE."

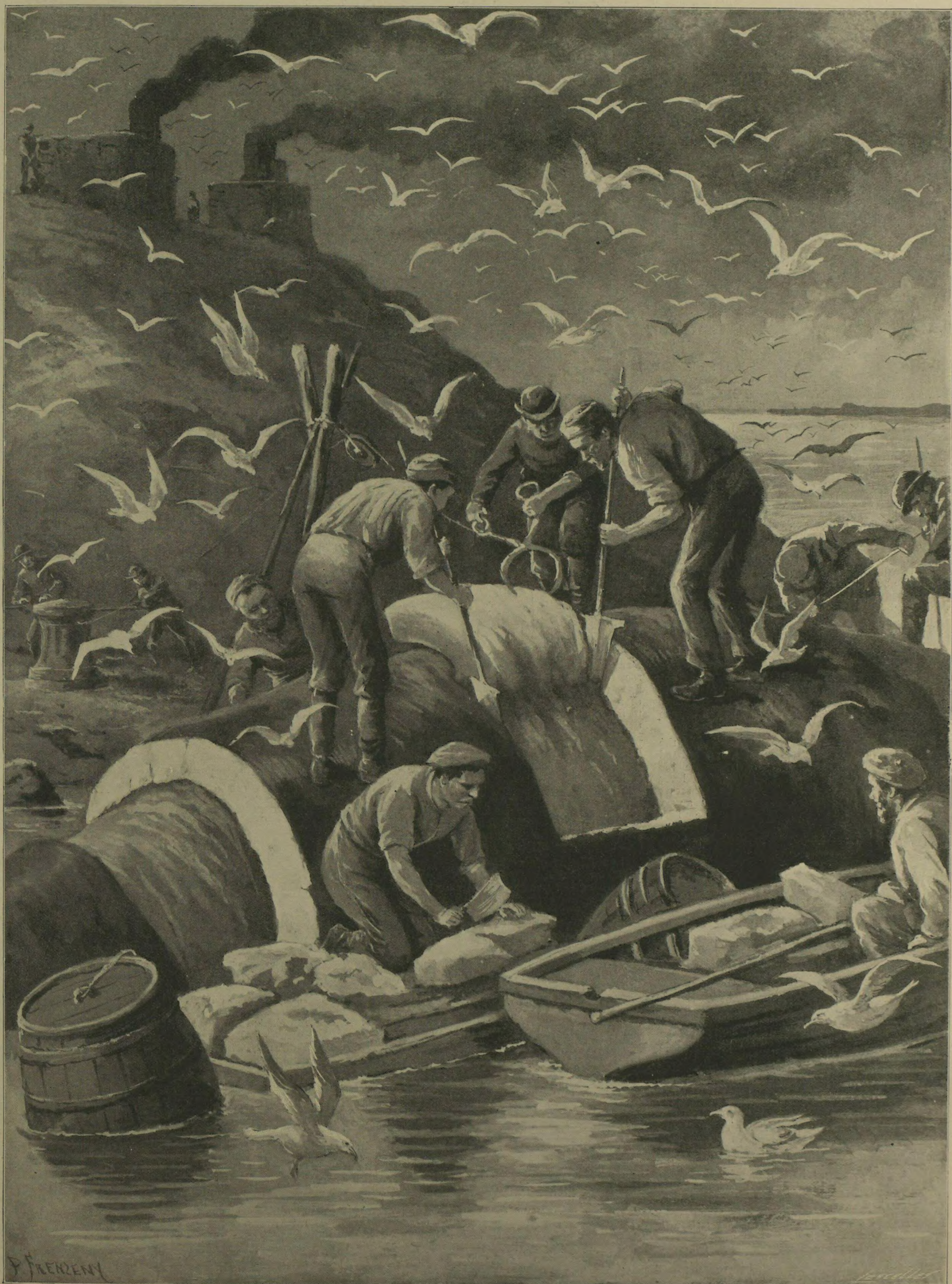
At the fire which occurred at Warnham Court, Horsham, during the early hours of Dec. 26, the owner of the house, Mr. C. J. Lucas, sustained an irreparable loss in the destruction of a fine painting by Bonington. The work, the subject of which was "Venice," was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1828, just before the death of the artist. Richard Parkes Bonington was born at Arnold, near Nottingham, in 1801. At fifteen he became a student at the Beaux-Arts, Paris, where he won the gold medal. In 1822 he visited Venice, where he painted several elaborate pieces, of which that just destroyed was one.



Photo. A. C. Odde.

"VENICE," BY BONINGTON, DESTROYED BY FIRE DECEMBER 26.

A WHALING STATION ON THE PACIFIC COAST.



WHALE-FISHERS STRIPPING BLUBBER.

These stations are usually situated in some sheltered cove on the Northern Pacific coast, and their existence is betokened by great flights of gulls attracted by the odour of the boiling rats. The whales are towed close in shore and kept afloat by barrels and buoys, and the blubber is cut off in the manner shown in our illustration.

PERSONAL.

Lord Rosebery has published his Chesterfield speech as a pamphlet, entitled "National Policy," and in a prefatory note he calls upon all who share his opinions to engage in the necessary "spade-work."

No disclosure has yet been made of the exact relations between Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Lord Rosebery's pamphlet contains a passage omitted in most cases from the original report. In this passage he repudiated in plain language Sir Henry's imputation of barbarity to the British Government.

The Roman police have arrested a Frenchman named Conquins, who professes to have witnessed British cruelties to the Boer prisoners at St. Helena. There is no reason to believe that he was ever near that island.

Sir Ernest Cassel, whose gift of £200,000 has enabled the King to make another move in the campaign against

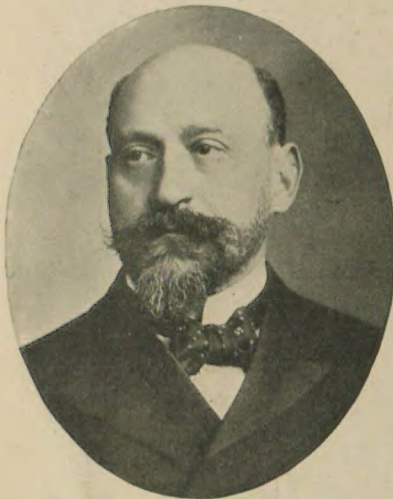


Photo. Ellis and Watery.

SIR ERNEST CASSEL,

Giver of £200,000 to the King, which his Majesty has devoted to the Cure of Consumption.

in various works of philanthropy, received his K.C.M.G. three years ago. He is a sportsman, and has a house in the Melton Mowbray country as well as in Grosvenor Square. Sir Ernest's munificent gift has naturally suggested the question whether benevolence will not be moved to give an equally handsome endowment for the treatment of cancer.

Lord Rosslyn has lately been engaged in an attempt to break the bank of Monte Carlo by means of an "infallible" system. According to the latest accounts, the bank is still intact, and the heroic nobleman's resources are the worse for wear.

Mr. Boyle, American Consul at Liverpool, says that the British workman does not work so hard as his American competitor. Mr. John Burns, in the course of some advice to our working-men, warned them to beware of "snobbishness."

Mr. Edward Dodson, whose recent expedition in the Hinterland of Tripoli is exciting interest, has started early in life his career as a lover of adventurous travel. It is a year since he left London, but delays in Constantinople and elsewhere did not allow of a longer period than five months being passed in the Great Desert. Probably that time was quite long enough for the explorer and his friends; nor was the unwillingness of the Turkish Government to grant permits to the travellers likely to seem so unreasonable to them at the end of their journey as it did at the beginning. What with too little food and water, and too much hostility from the tribes encountered on the way, the only wonder is that Mr. Dodson is alive to tell the tale and to give the scientific world the result of his observations.



Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.

MR. EDWARD DODSON,

Explorer of the Hinterland of Tripoli.

The civil war of the Comédie Française is still raging. M. Claretie, the Director, is freely denounced by the actors, who have invited him to resign, but he refuses to budge. Paris finds it difficult to keep up an interest in so prolonged a controversy.

The *Times* has demolished Mrs. Gallup. It is now clear that the Bi-Literal Cypher is the purely arbitrary application of that lady's ingenuity, for instead of two founts of italic type in the works she has practised upon, there are probably as many as twenty. This is made plain by photographic reproductions in the *Times* of part of the original text. These are real facsimiles, whereas those employed by Mrs. Gallup were facsimiles of types arranged to suit her theory.

A cantata, entitled "Samhain" (All Hallows E'en), composed by a London clergyman, the Rev. W. A. H. Collisson, Mus. Doc., has won the prize offered by the Dublin Musical Festival Committee. The festival will take place in May.

Sir James Parker Deane, at the time of his death, at 16, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, on Jan. 3, was the oldest member of the Bar, with only one senior on the list of King's Counsel — Lord Grimthorpe. Born in 1812, he was educated at Winchester and St. John's College, Oxford, well endowed with law fellowships. To one of these he was admitted, and in 1841 was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple, taking silk in 1858. An attempt to enter Parliament for the City of Oxford in 1858 was unsuccessful; but in his profession as



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR J. PARKER DEANE,
Ex-Vicar-General of Canterbury.

an ecclesiastical lawyer Sir James had ample successes, being appointed Vicar-General of the Diocese and Province of Canterbury, Admiralty Advocate, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury. He was knighted in 1885, and was also called to the Privy Council.

Lord Kitchener has corrected more than one erroneous statement about Boer violations of the laws of war. This impartiality of the Commander-in-Chief should serve as an example on the Continent. When the Boers have behaved well to British wounded, they have always received the credit for it, witness the official account of Tweefontein. When they have behaved ill, this has been recorded against them without exaggeration.

Major F. R. Burnham, upon whom the D.S.O. was recently conferred by his Majesty, is himself the King of



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

MAJOR F. R. BURNHAM, D.S.O.,

The Famous Scout, Recently Decorated by the King.

was the scout ever a more important item in war than he is at this moment. "When the next contingent comes can you arrange to send some trained trackers?" That is Lord Kitchener's most recent query to the War Office. From Pretoria, too, comes the news that a band of native scouts, to the number of two hundred, is in course of training. Major Burnham has done a great deal of service in his time, and was wounded in South Africa. He is an American by birth, and has served as a scout in all quarters of the world, notably during the Matabele Campaign. His brilliant achievements have been rewarded by his receiving a commission as Major in the British Army.

Lord Kitchener's weekly report accounts for 36 Boers killed, 9 wounded, 261 prisoners, 72 surrenders, 145 rifles, 2680 rounds of small-arm ammunition, 92 wagons, 460 horses, and 4700 cattle. The Somerset Light Infantry, under Major Vallentin, have suffered severely, and that gallant and promising officer has been killed. At the same time the force in question lost eighteen men killed, while five officers and twenty-eight men were wounded.

Mr. de Bloch, whose famous work, "The Future of War," is said to have influenced the Czar to convene the Peace Conference, is dead. Mr. de Bloch was not a military expert, and his book contained much that has since been proved untenable.

Private W. Bees, of the 1st Battalion Derbyshire Regiment, who has been nominated for the Victoria Cross, did his deed of daring three or four months ago in South Africa. He was one of the Maxim-gun detachment which at Moedwil had six men hit out of nine. Hearing his wounded comrades crying out for water, Private Bees went forward under a persistent fire to a spruit held by the Boers about five hundred yards ahead of the gun, and there filled a kettle with water. That kettle ought to be a relic nearly as precious



Photo. Frost, Loughborough.

PRIVATE W. BEES,

Awarded the V.C. for Gallantry at Moedwil.

to preserve as the Victoria Cross itself, for it was hit several times by bullets, some of them at a range of a hundred yards.

Joachim Pietri is dead. He was Prefect of Police under the Second Empire, having been preceded by his brother Pierre. At the fall of the Empire on Sept. 4, 1870, Pietri escaped from Paris in the nick of time. The Revolutionists would not have shown him any grace then, for his hand had pressed heavily on malcontents. Subsequently Thiers gave him a pension, and he lived quietly in Corsica.

It is said that M. de Blowitz has resigned the post of *Times* Correspondent in Paris, and is succeeded by Mr. Arthur Fullerton. M. de Blowitz is the most remarkable journalist of his time, and though the world has often smiled at the exuberance of his personality, his knowledge of European diplomacy has never been surpassed outside the Chancelleries, and not often inside.

Tammany magistrates do not like expulsion. One of them barricaded himself into his office in Brooklyn, and threatened his successor with a revolver.

Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Le Guay Geary, K.C.B., is to succeed General Sir G. Barker as Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Bermuda, whither he will proceed in the course of a few days. Sir Henry was born in 1837, was educated at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, joined the Royal Artillery in 1855, and saw service in the Crimea, in the Indian Mutiny, and in the Abyssinian Campaign. The new Governor has held many Staff appointments, having been D.A.A.G. and A.A.G., Army Headquarters, Assistant Director of Artillery, and, since 1899, President of the Ordnance Committee.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR H. LE GUAY GEARY,
New Governor of Bermuda.

Mr. Bryan, twice defeated candidate for the American Presidency, has complained because the Washington Government does not protest against British policy in South Africa. Having vainly striven to persuade his countrymen to lighten their burdens by debasing the currency, Mr. Bryan would now like to plunge them into an insane conflict with Great Britain. The good sense, however, of the American people may be trusted to treat Mr. Bryan's vapourings according to their deserts.

The important vicarage of St. Andrew's, Plymouth, vacant by the resignation of Archdeacon Wilkinson, has been accepted by the Rev. W. E. Burroughs, Vicar of Christ Church, Chislehurst, who was for some time central secretary of the C.M.S. If we remember rightly, this living was offered some time ago to Prebendary Webb Peplow.

Surgeon-General W. Taylor, C.B., has been appointed Director-General of the Army Medical Service. Born in Ayrshire in 1843, he was educated at Glasgow University, and joined the Army Medical Staff in 1864. The following year took him to Canada, where he shared in the campaign against the Fenian raiders. In 1870 he went to India for ten years, and after two years at home, returned thither for another long term of service. He was attached to the staff of Lord Roberts when Commander-in-Chief in India, and was sent as Militaro-Medical Attaché to the Japanese army during the war with China. As Principal Medical Officer, he took part in the Ashanti Expedition of 1895, and in the Nile Expedition to Khartoum. Lately he has served as Principal Medical Officer in India. Surgeon-General Taylor, who holds a large number of medals and other decorations, had his C.B. four years ago.



Photo. Holtz, Simla.

SURGEON-GENERAL W. TAYLOR,
New Director-General Army Medical Service.

The Royal Choral Society's New Year's Day performance of "The Messiah" at the Albert Hall was in all respects satisfactory, and the choir deserves an especial meed of praise for the superb steadiness and solidity with which they rendered the choruses. So much at home is the Choral Society with Handel's masterpiece that its vastness seems unable to tax them, and even at the end, when some little allowance might reasonably have to be made for weariness, there is no such necessity; and "Blessing and Honour" and the "Amen" choruses rang like salvos of artillery. Once again Sir Frederick Bridge elected to give the work with Handel's original accompaniments, and although one misses occasionally the finesse of those written by Mozart, yet it cannot be denied that the composer's original intention has much to recommend it. The soloists were Madame Albani, Miss Maria Brema, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Charles Saunders.

"FROCKS AND FRILLS," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



1. "I FEEL HURT."—ACT I.

2. AT MADAME CLOTHILDE'S.—ACT III.

3. "THEN YOU HAVE THE CASTING VOTE."—ACT III.

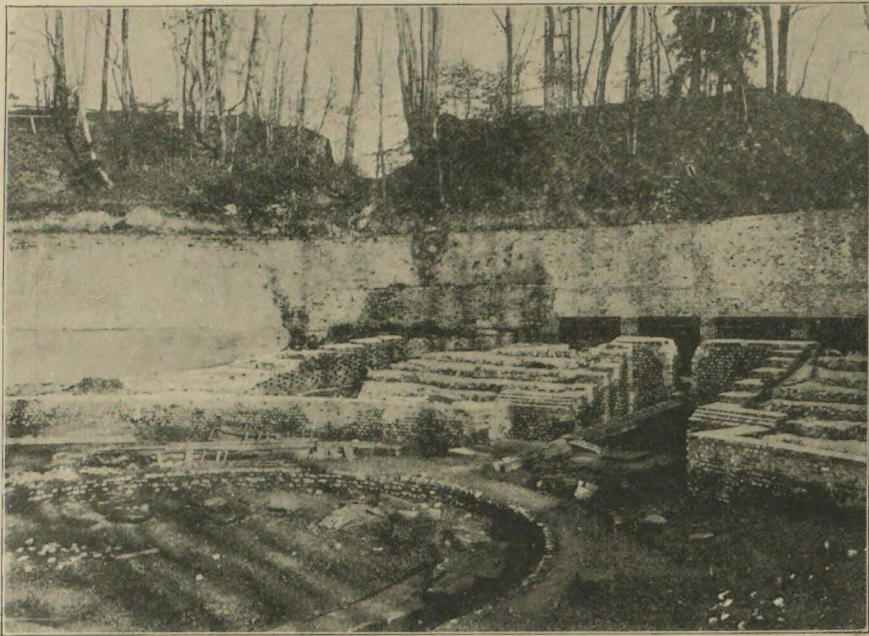


Photo. Bolak.

A SWISS POMPEII.—EXCAVATION OF A ROMAN TOWN NEAR BASEL: THE AMPHITHEATRE, WHICH HELD 10,000 SPECTATORS.

ROMAN REMAINS IN SWITZERLAND.

The remains of the ancient Roman town of Augusta Rauracorum, from which the two adjoining Swiss villages of Augst take their name, have lately been extensively excavated. One of the most remarkable relics of a former civilisation which the spade of the archaeologist has laid bare is the amphitheatre. Of this the configuration of the entire arena can be traced, and very considerable remains of benches, gangways, and entrances have been unearthed in tolerable preservation. A large portion of the wall bounding the arena is wonderfully complete. In its original condition the theatre was capable of seating 10,000 spectators.

ANOTHER GIFT TO BOLTON.

The quaint Elizabethan structure known as the Hall-i'-th'-Wood has recently been purchased by Mr. W. H. Lever, of Port Sunlight, and presented by him to his native town of Bolton for use as a museum. It is pleasantly situated on the outskirts of the town on rising ground overlooking the picturesque valley of the Eagley. It is memorable as the house in which Samuel Crompton invented the spinning "mule" which revolutionised the process of cotton manufacture in Lancashire. It is believed that Crompton's mother was the caretaker of the Hall-i'-th'-Wood. She was a stern woman, and made young Samuel do a daily task of spinning, which was rendered all the harder by the imperfections of the machine. The thread was constantly breaking, and this annoyance led

him to attempt the construction of a superior jenny. From his twenty-second to his twenty-ninth year he laboured at his project, eking out his earnings by



ANOTHER GIFT TO BOLTON: THE HALL-I'-TH'-WOOD.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY H. WALKER, MANCHESTER.

playing the fiddle in the Bolton Theatre. In 1779 he had solved his problem, but the invention had cost him his all. The "mule," as Crompton's machine is called, was in 1812 recognised by the Government, and the inventor received a grant of £5000.

example of the action of what geologists have termed the "water-saw"—that is, the cutting power of rivers. The name is taken from the Spanish "cañon," a tube. One of the remarkable features of the new park is the presence of caves containing vestiges of primitive man.



Drawn by A. W. S. Elder.

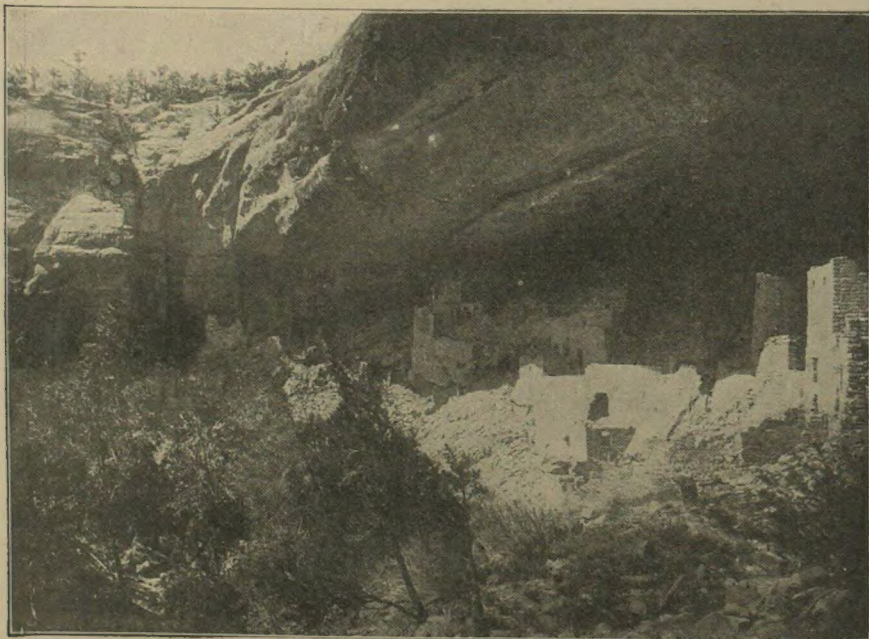
THE PROGRESS OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY: THE PROPOSED BRIDGE OVER THE VICTORIA FALLS ON THE ZAMBESI RIVER.

THE ZAMBESI BRIDGE.

The construction of the Cape to Cairo Railway northwards from Bulawayo towards the Zambesi River, a distance of approximately three hundred miles, has already been commenced. Our illustration shows the gorge through which the Zambesi flows, a short distance below the Victoria Falls, and the proposed bridge which will carry the railway over the torrent. The drawing of the bridge, which is to be constructed of one span of 600 ft. in length, and at a height of 400 ft. above the water, has been prepared from a detailed design of the structure by Sir Douglas Fox and Partners, the engineers of the railway.

THE NEW UNITED STATES PARK.

Just thirty years ago, by an Act of Congress, the United States Government constituted the volcanic region of Yellowstone, in the North-west of Wyoming, a national park. Congress has now added another remarkable tract of territory to the public possessions, and the wonderful region of cañons lying between New Mexico and Arizona has, by another Act of Congress, been declared a national park. These cañons—as the deep gorges between high cliffs in the Western States of America are called—present a most striking



PREHISTORIC CAVE-DWELLINGS IN THE CAÑONS OF NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA.



THE CAÑONS OF NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA.

THE NEW NATIONAL PARK OF THE UNITED STATES: THE CAÑONS OF NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAK.

NEW YEAR'S DAY ON A JAPANESE WAR-SHIP.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO FROM A SKETCH BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.



JAPANESE OFFICERS PAYING HOMAGE TO THE EMPEROR'S PORTRAIT ON BOARD THE "MIKASA" AT PORTSMOUTH.

BOERS' DOGS WITH THE BRITISH FORCES.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JAN. 11, 1902. - 13

A TRANSFERRED ALLEGIANCE: DOGS FROM DESERTED BOER FARMS ACCOMPANYING A BRITISH COLUMN.

Large numbers of the Boers' dogs, rendered homeless by the war, have attached themselves to our forces, attracted by the hospitality which the soldiers have extended to the unfortunate. Every column has now its canine escort.

THE SUBMARINE IN FRANCE: A SURPRISE ATTACK.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE FROM A SKETCH BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JAN. 11, 1902. 49

THE "MORSE" CLAIMS THE "BOUVINES": SAILORS OF THE BATTLE-SHIP CHEERING THE SUBMARINE.

The French battle-ships "Bouvines" and "Tréhouart" were recently attacked at night off Cherbourg by the submarines, and torpedoed. The "Morse," on rising to the surface to claim her prize, was wildly cheered by the sailors on the battle-ship.

THE COMPLETION OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY TO THE VICTORIA NYANZA, DECEMBER 19.

FROM GOVERNMENT PHOTOGRAPHS.



RAIL HEAD: A PLATE-LAYING GANG CHANGING THEIR QUARTERS.



THE TERMINUS: THE SHORES OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA.



VIEW ABOVE THE KIKUYU VIADUCT.



A GORGE ON THE NJORO RIVER.



THE PERMANENT LINE OF THE ESCARPMENT.



A CONSEQUENCE OF THE RAILWAY ADVANCE: THE FIRST JULY RACE-MEETING AT NAIROBI.

THE COMPLETION OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY TO THE VICTORIA NYANZA, DECEMBER 19

FROM GOVERNMENT PHOTOGRAPHS.



POTENTIAL RAILWAY PASSENGERS.



A TRAIN 100 MILES FROM THE VICTORIA NYANZA.



A REVERSING STATION ON THE DESCENT OF THE MAU ESCARPMENT, 485 MILES FROM THE COAST.



A SHARP CORNER ON THE LINE.



THE LOCOMOTIVE-SHED AND YARD AT NAKURU.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Old Knowledge. By Stephen Gwynn. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)
Halil the Pedlar. By Maurus Jókai. Translated by Nisbet Bain. (London: Jarrold. 6s.)
Salamambo. By Gustave Flaubert. Translated by J. W. Matthews. (London: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)
London Afternoons. By W. J. Loftie. (London: Cassell and Co. 10s. 6d.)
Sevastopol. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
Fashion in Paris in the Nineteenth Century. By Octave Uzanne. From the French by Lady Mary Loyd. New Edition. (London: Heinemann. 18s.)
Lives of the Hunted. By Ernest Seton Thompson. (London: David Nutt. 6s.)
A Goddess of Gray's Inn. By G. B. Burgin. (London: Pearson. 6s.)

In "The Old Knowledge" Mr. Stephen Gwynn, who contributed "Donegal" to the "Highways and Byways

vociferates, so a strong book of quiet manner is always more striking than a book that bawls. A book that vociferates spends itself in words; a book that keeps itself in impresses the reader with its pent force. That is always true, then; but it is truer of "Salamambo" than of any other book. For "Salamambo" is a veritable transcript of the barbaric and horrible and Oriental past; left uncouth and unpolished, it would still impress us with awe. But, polished as it is, it affects us like a shining scarab, or exquisitely finished idol, found among the dust of the Pharaohs. The contrast between the lawless horror of its matter and the elegant precision of its manner produces a sinister effect. Therein, we are convinced, lies the secret of this book's strange fascination. We regard it with the same feeling as some ancient idol, monstrous in idea, but perfect in design, repelling us by its horror, attracting us by its art. For the matter of "Salamambo" is inconceivably horrible. That the Carthaginians were like this we have every reason to believe; and if they were, it is another of our debts to Rome that she destroyed them.

Mr. Loftie has already written so much and so well upon London antiquities that any new work by him on his favourite subject must challenge expectancy. In devising his "London Afternoons" the author has evidently felt the burden of previous labours and the diffidence to which these naturally enough give rise; but his consequent hope that he may be able to carry out the undertaking seriously may justly be held to have been realised. The history of London, he says, is gradually assuming scientific proportions. Forty years back it had not got beyond the point at which it had been left by the Elizabethans, and the errors of three centuries ago were accepted without criticism. In these "holiday afternoons" Mr. Loftie seeks to discover the truth, but he does not burden his narrative with lengthy recapitulations of proofs, for these are now open to all in the publications of the Rolls and Historical MSS. Commissions. One of the most illuminating chapters deals with London Life in the Fourteenth Century, from which one of our illustrations is taken. The picture may be held fairly typical of the sleeping-chambers of the period. The most important piece of furniture, other than the bed, was the chest or cabinet, which also served as a table, and in great houses bore richly ornamented hinges. For seats there were stools without backs, or one or two arm-chairs. Visits to the older city churches, at St. Paul's, Buckingham Palace, and further afield to King's Langley, Berkhamstead, and Tring, are in the number of those which Mr. Loftie makes entertaining.

and instructive. Among charming glimpses of that Old London of which we now possess so little, the best perhaps is the view of Hosier Lane, the quaint gables of which were standing in the first decade of the last century.

The translators of "Sevastopol" preface it by an introduction of forty-eight pages, full of very interesting matter. They promise us a revised edition, as nearly complete as possible, of the works of the famous Russian; and express a hope that their work, if not definitive, may prove the basis of a final edition in the future. If all their work is upon the level of this first volume, it will certainly be the best version of Tolstoy to be had in English. It has that finest merit of a translation—that you would never guess it to be one unless you knew it otherwise. No ugly solecisms come between the reader and his enjoyment of Tolstoy's pictures of human emotions and subjective states. And these pictures are well worth having in the medium of a limpid prose. Surely there is no one to equal Tolstoy as a master of the psychology of war. We think of "Linesman," G. W. Stevens, Rudyard Kipling, and Stephen Crane—and are forced to conclude that Tolstoy is better than them all. There is no constructive drama in his sketches; no story, properly speaking. His characters seem to partake of a kind of melancholy fatuity, characteristic of the Slav; they are "thowless," in the Scots phrase; they emerge into the light of the camp-fire, and reveal their souls and pass away into the darkness with nothing particular achieved. But while they are with us Tolstoy makes us see right into them; he gives us an overpowering sense of their reality. And he subtly discriminates one from another, showing how each man is differently affected by the stress of war. "Sevastopol" is not an exhilarating book, or a particularly thoughtful; but it is a masterpiece of emotional psychology.

During recent years there have been few more charming books bearing indirectly on art than "Fashion in Paris," the outcome of years of study, by M. Octave Uzanne. In addition to a number of hand-coloured plates epitomising all the fashions of the last century, from those which obtained under the Directoire to those affected by the modern Parisienne of yesterday, the text is embellished with delightful vignettes and sketches, many of which give glimpses of a picturesque Paris long vanished. It is curious to note how with the progress of the nineteenth century the feminine fashions grew gradually uglier and uglier. Of course this was due in no small measure to the influence of the crinoline, which in almost every case produced a grotesque as well as an extremely

inartistic effect. As so often happens, the crinoline period was followed by that of a violent reaction, and the late 'seventies and early 'eighties introduced the tied-back skirt, in its way perhaps even more ungraceful than the crinoline itself. Both artist and writer naturally conclude their volume with the French woman as she appeared in 1899.

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson is a field naturalist by taste and an artist by endowment; he has, moreover, a keen and delicate sense of humour, which finds expression both in his pen and pencil. In "Lives of the Hunted" he has produced a book even more charming than "Wild Animals I have Known." The volume should not fail of its avowed purpose to awaken in the persecuted creatures of America an interest that shall rouse public opinion against senseless slaughter. His tales, which deal with five animals and three birds, are biographical character-studies founded on facts, and he contrives to be instructive while exceedingly entertaining. The first and longest tale, "Krag, the Kootenay Ram," deals with the life and death of a Bighorn sheep, and is a little marred by the sentimental note. "The Kangaroo Rat" is a charmingly delicate study of a fairy-like creature which surely should not count man among its foes. The story of the coyote exhibits rare intimacy with a cunning and clever beast for whose preservation we fear even Mr. Seton Thompson must pray in vain while sheep-raising endures as an American industry. He stimulates admiration for the resource and caution of the coyote, but inevitably makes out a case for its destruction. By far the best and most humorous of the collection in our judgment is "Johnny Bear." The prohibition of firearms in the Yellowstone Park is appreciated by the bears, who come in all confidence to forage in the garbage "dumped" in the forest a quarter of a mile from the Fountain Hotel. In the garbage-heap Mr. Seton Thompson, with the self-denial of the enthusiast, made his hiding-place, and from this dangerous ambush studied bear-life at his leisure. The pictures and marginal sketches throughout the book are admirable.

Mr. Burgin is still the champion optimist of our story-telling. He admits that there are careless, and even moderately wicked, people in the world; but when they come within the range of the Cheeryble philosophy, they can be reformed, or at least made painfully conscious of their misdoing. "A Goddess of Gray's Inn" recites the adventures of the beautiful Lilian Gedge, an orphan. Her father spent all his money, and then took his little girl to his lawyer's chambers, had an excellent dinner, bequeathed the baby to the lawyer and a handsome fur coat to the lawyer's clerk, and went off to drown himself with the most cheerful good temper. The child was brought up by the lawyer and the clerk, and their joint efforts in this line make very pretty reading. Mr. Burgin is not so successful when Lilian is old enough to turn



A SLEEPING-CHAMBER IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

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Series," takes readers again to scenes he knows so well. From Bayswater to the Irish county goes Miss Millicent Carteret, and gets into her real environment. Mr. Gwynn does not, however, fatigue his readers with scenery or folk-lore. He deals delightfully with peasant character and with the typical Irish landlord—just in fact, though prejudiced in theory—who "is convinced that all Nationalists would rob him, although he knows in private life that they are decent people." But Mr. Gwynn sets it all forth, if not lightly, at any rate gently. Everything is kept in very low tone—as low as a Whistler portrait. A painter, Conroy, humbly born, "who stands for the new order," interrupts the conventional course of love-making in the story. "I believe that through free air everything is giving out part of itself, and that what strikes the mirror is part of you, and that it leaves something of you on the mirror—like the bloom of a flower that you press against your hand." That is "The Old Knowledge" which Millicent takes to heart from the lips of Conroy, and which, when he has drawn her portrait, she applies in ways which the story sets forth. The book, at any rate, ends in a laugh. "For," says Mr. Gwynn, "there are some whom Nature teaches through laughter, and there are more ways than one of winning to the old knowledge, which is at the root of all knowledge—a knowledge of the power and the mystery of the beauty of the human soul."

In "Halil the Pedlar," Jókai has forsaken his native Hungary, and gone to Constantinople for his theme. In the revolt of the Janissaries, which dethroned Achmed III. and put Mahmud I. upon the throne, the novelist has a rare opportunity for his rush and fury of invention, and his vividly dramatic style. Further, the Oriental habit of mind which thinks it nothing that the pedlar of to-day should be a Prime Minister to-morrow, or the Prime Minister a slave—this allows Jókai to present us with many strange contrasts of fortune. Halil, the poor Albanian pedlar, maddened by the abduction of his bride, joins the Janissaries. When the soldiers begin to murmur at Achmed for refusing to lead them forth against the Persians, Halil, seizing the opportunity, raises the standard of revolt, and for a few weeks is virtual master of the whole Turkish Empire. It is easy to see what splendid opportunities Jókai can make of this incident, which has the merit of being historically true. Turkish politics, Turkish warfare, and Turkish habits of mind are brought vividly before us.

Mr. J. W. Matthews has translated "Salamambo" as well, perhaps, as it could be translated into English. He has an unfortunate trick of using the expression "as it were," which, smacking as it does of the suburban drawing-room, sounds oddly in descriptions of Carthage the terrible and weird. His version, however, is not ill-done on the whole. He succeeds in keeping the precision and restraint which is the great charm of the original. Polished restraint, in fact, is more effective in "Salamambo" than in any book of our acquaintance. It is always effective: as a strong man of quiet demeanour is more efficient in company than an equally strong man who



HOSIER LANE, SMITHFIELD, IN 1809.

Reproduced from "London Afternoons," by permission of the Publishers.

young men's heads, for then she becomes an angel of goodness, and we know that angels of goodness in fiction, though they are always pointing upwards, like Agnes in "David Copperfield," are apt to be colourless and tiresome. If Mr. Burgin would allow his "goddess" to have a fault or two, a hasty temper, a mild taste for flirtation, he would greatly improve his method. But Lilian is flawless, and the poor backsliding reader is abashed by pages and pages of undeviating virtue. There is a young man, it is true, who has had naughty companions, and whose conscience makes him very ill, in order that Lilian may forgive and nurse him. But we are allowed to see so little of the naughty companions that we do not believe in them. Why cannot Mr. Burgin give them a touch of reality for a change? Virtue would be none the less triumphant, and his novels would be more readable. He can write so well that we should be honestly glad to see him writing better.

THE PURCHASE OF A FAMOUS RAPHAEL.



THE MADONNA OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA, BOUGHT BY MR. PIERPONT MORGAN FOR £100,000.

TRANSATLANTIC WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY: MARCONI'S SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

At Poldhu, in Cornwall, near the Lizard, is located the largest electric station employing Mr. Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy, which has so recently sent a message across the Atlantic. It was built last spring, and designed expressly for long-distance signalling. The gradual development of the efficiency of the system foreshadowed the time when more ambitious efforts should be made, and Mr. Marconi prepared for this with the thoroughness characteristic of all his undertakings. Indeed, it was probably built with the idea of doing what he has just now accomplished. The electric force generated there is equal to about 30-horse power, and as compared with his ordinary stations the force is about one hundred times greater. This store of electric energy is sent into the ether through twenty masts, each 210 ft. high. These provide a giant con-



POLDHU STATION, CORNWALL, FROM WHICH THE WIRELESS MESSAGES WERE SENT TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

associates the cablegram directing them to begin their operations. They followed their instructions, the hours set being 3 to 6 p.m. Greenwich time (11.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. St. John's time). He, in the meantime, sent up balloons and kites, elevating the aerial wire which should catch the signals if the tests were satisfactory. Before an adjustment could be completed, his first balloon broke clear, and was lost. Thereafter, Mr. Marconi used kites only.

On Thursday, Dec. 12, he sent up a kite, which reached a height of 400 feet in mid-air, and remained there four hours. Attached to it was the aerial electrode, and the lower extremity of this was fixed to a Marconi receiver. This is his own invention, and is an extremely sensitive instrument; but instead of trusting to the automatic recorder, which forms part of it, he used a telephone attachment, the human



MR. MARCONI RECEIVING THE SIGNALS AT NEWFOUNDLAND.

The messages began on December 12.



MR. MARCONI AND HIS ASSISTANTS, MESSRS. KEMP AND PAGET.

Behind is the experimenters' kite. Their balloon is in the hamper.

ductor, being united together, and before Marconi visited Newfoundland ample tests were made between Poldhu and other stations in the British Isles and Northern Europe as to the power of this transmitter; but that it was possible to send the electric waves across the Atlantic was believed in by few except himself. Hence he kept this phase of the matter a profound secret, and gave out that his business was the conducting of experiments with the ocean liners.

But he had arranged with the electricians at Poldhu to send a certain signal during certain hours daily after a date to be determined by him subsequent to his arrival at St. John's. After reaching St. John's and selecting an experimental base on Signal Hill, at the entrance to St. John's Harbour, whence an unbroken stretch of ocean extends to the British coast, he forwarded to his



MR. MARCONI ON SIGNAL HILL, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND: RAISING THE KITES WHICH SUPPORT THE AÉRIAL ELECTRODE.

ear being more reliable in extreme cases, as it enables the detecting of signals too faint for the recorder to disclose. It was by means of this telephone that Marconi received the signals from the Poldhu station. They consisted of the letter "S," forwarded in the Morse characters, three sharp dots (. . .) These were repeated at intervals, beginning at 12.30 p.m., and lasting, irregularly, for three minutes; resuming at 1.10, and renewing at 2.20 for shorter intervals.

But the signals were conclusive; no other agency could deliver them except the Poldhu station; the safeguards Mr. Marconi provided, which cannot, for business reasons, be given in detail, were such as to make a mistake impossible. His chief assistant, Mr. Kemp, received the signals as well as Mr. Marconi, and they both agreed as to the genuineness of the message.

THE FORBIDDEN HINTERLAND OF TRIPOLI: DISCOVERIES IN THE UNKNOWN SAHARA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. DODSON, LEADER OF THE RECENT EXPEDITION.



A TURKISH FORT AT BENI OULID.



THE ROMAN FORTIFIED TOWN, SEBHA, THE MOST SOUTHERLY RUIN VISITED BY THE EXPEDITION.



OULID SLEIMAN ARABS, WHO THREATENED THE EXPEDITION WITH VIOLENCE.



A ROMAN FORT.



PLOUGHING IN THE DESERT.



THE CARAVAN MARCHING UNDER SHIFTING SAND DUNES.



THE TOWN OF SOKNA.



ENTRANCE TO THE ROMAN FORT AT BONJEM, WITH WALLS TWELVE FEET THICK.



LATIN INSCRIPTION ON THE ROMAN CASTLE AT BONJEM.

Lord Rosebery.

The Marquis Ito.

Lord John Manners.

The Duke of Devon.

Prince Hsiang.



BRITISH HONOUR TO A JAPANESE STATESMAN: THE MANSION HOUSE BANQUET TO THE MARQUIS ITO, JANUARY 3.

DRAWN BY S. BECK.



Simon of York

By Max Pemberton

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

[In which are narrated some episodes in the life of a very foolish fellow, Simon Montlibet, commonly known as Simon of York, who was a student of the University of Paris in the year 1480, and thereafter, carrying little from Paris but a cracked crown and the girdle of St. Thomas, came over to the city of Oxford, which treated him very scurvily, as the histories bear witness.]

No. I.

WHEREIN SIMON OF YORK BECOMES POSSESSED OF THE HOUSE OF LA GOURCHET, THE COOPER OF THE RUE D'ARRAS.

IN the old turbulent days, when Louis XI. was King of France, and Charles, Cardinal de Bourbon, was a great man in Paris, and students stood in the straw of the *Pays Latin* to hear the successors of Lanfranc and Abelard, there lodged in the house of La Gourchet, the cooper of the Rue d'Arras, a big-bodied, lank-haired Englishman, by name Simon Montlibet, but known more commonly to his fellows as Simon of York. A conspicuous figure in the quarter of the city apportioned to the English nation, this raw-boned, good-natured Latinist had come to Paris with a letter to the Cardinal from the Prior of the great Abbey of Fountains by Ripon; and, standing thus in some shadow of ecclesiastical favour, was admitted from time to time both to the Cardinal's house and to his kitchen. Such a privilege was not to be lightly esteemed at an epoch when the "*panem nostrum quotidianum*" was a very real prayer and a very uncertain quantity; and many a time would Simon have gone hungry but for the pieces he snatched from the Cardinal's salmigondi, or the bread and meat with which Chicot, the cook, would stuff his wallet. Nor was he a selfish fellow; but shared his provender cheerfully with those in like need—but with none more readily than Michelle, the buxom wife of the cooper with whom he lodged in the Rue d'Arras. For Michelle suffered much, both from her husband's anger and from his hunger; and the first, following upon the second paradoxically, gave rise to many an unseemly brawl in that distracted household.

"In my own country of England," Simon would say dolefully, "a woman is properly beaten if the meats be burned; but here she must find both meat and fire, and get the rod none the less. I will make mention of this among the customs of these people. '*Quæ fuerunt vitia, mores sunt.*' The city of Oxford will account me a learned man for this—'*et homo doctus in se semper divitias habet.*' I will set a new fashion of wife-beating in England, and that will be something. Besides, his Eminence wishes me to live here, and it is wise to suffer discomfort if great men are pleased thereby. The Cardinal will hear of my dilemma and reward me."

Herein is evidence that Simon of York was both a courtier and a philosopher. And certainly all the town might have heard the brawls which disgraced that humble tenement and obtained for it so ill a name. Day and night, said the old crones, La Gourchet's whip fell upon the back of his erring wife. Even the monks of St. Marceau closed their ears when they traversed the Rue d'Arras; and it needed something in such an age to close the ears of a monk. Nevertheless, the University remembered La Gourchet's trade, and absolving him because of the good wine his barrels held, they said: "After all, it is but his wife; and where is the woman that is worse for a little whipping! Let Simon of the red hair dry up her tears. Perchance she is bawling for love of him."

So no one pitied the buxom Michelle save Simon of York; and he of that broad good-nature which tolerates all weaker things. For the good dame's tenderness he would not give a snap of the fingers. Let her ogle him, or sigh, or show her tears flowing, Simon cared no more for these than for the owl's eyes on a winter's night. If he fed her burly husband with crumbs from the Cardinal's table, it was rather to secure his own comfort than the worthy cooper's content. After all, it was difficult rightly to grave the fine maxims of St. Thomas with that din in your ears. Even Simon lost his temper sometimes, and would cry with the preacher of Notre Dame: "Thirty thousand devils take you and your cooking-pots too!"

Now there befell a day of March in the year 1480 when Simon's troubles in the Rue d'Arras came to a head, and in so remarkable a manner that thereafter he had peace; and not only peace, but with it the sole possession, fee, and title to that worthy cooper's house. So wonderful is this story and so unassailable (for is it not recorded in the solemn *jus studentium* of the University of Paris?) that we herewith take leave to recite it, both for the benefit of those unacquainted with the history and for such as, having

forgotten, would willingly recall it. Let us preface, then, with the assurance that it began with bickering, was consummated in blows, and ended in so tragic a manner that even the Lord Cardinal must figure in its conclusion. With which fair warning we show Master Simon in his garret, La Gourchet at table, and the poor Michelle already fearing the whip prepared for her trembling shoulders. Anon the whole street is filled with a doleful crying and the sound of the falling lash. Simon of York, graving in his attic, calls upon Thomas, he that was also named the subtle doctor, to hurl thunderbolts at his enemies. The poor woman beseeches all within hearing to know that La Gourchet is beating her. The cooper himself wields the lash unmercifully, crying all the while, "A clove of garlic; how many times must I tell thee, a clove of garlic?"

Now, Simon of York reflected within himself for a little while before putting his nose into that troublesome business. "By the Virgin of Paisley!" said he at last, "but if this goes on there will be a clove of garlic in St. Thomas's stomach; and that were a heinous sin, God knows. Here am I, needing little food, since Chicot feeds me from the Cardinal's table; and there is that good man ruining his eternal soul for a clove of garlic. Shall I be like the publican?—nay," said Simon of York; and pushing St. Thomas to the wall, he went to his cooking-pot and lifted the lid.

It was a savoury stew, carried by his own big hands from the house of the Cardinal, and it bubbled and frothed and sent up a steaming savoury odour, and filled the whole house with the tidings of its succulence. Not averse from good eating, despite the asceticism which poverty forced him to practise, Simon of York studied diligently to acquire the culinary sagacity of the Cardinal's cook; and being permitted the run of the Cardinal's kitchen, many a hint he carried away with him, many a good thing came to simmer upon his hob. On this particular occasion he had been anticipating a dinner of quite unusual excellence, for the Cardinal was about to entertain a prior of the Carthusians (a most holy man, but a pestilent fellow withal, and very exact about the nicer moralities), and Chicot had prepared a salmigondi befitting his master's hospitality. During an hour at least had the foolish Simon watched the cook stirring the sauces and dressing the meats; and coming away at last reluctantly, he carried not only a portion of the stew, but a flask of the very sauce upon which Maître Chicot so prided himself. But of this he said nothing, and hiding the flask in his doublet, he ran back to his own lodging and began to prepare his dinner.

Now Simon looked deep into the depths of his pot, and his mind was wracked by a bitter temptation. "Which were the better thing," he asked himself—"to earn a woman's gratitude, or to fill his stomach with that bountiful mess?" No doubt, if the cooper had left off beating his wife at that particular moment, or the buxom Michelle had ceased to call upon a thousand saints, the lid had gone upon the pot again, and the salmigondi ministered to that charity for which the cook, Chicot, designed it. But this was not fore-ordained from all time; and the woman's screams still ringing in the house, and the ferocious cooper still crying out for a "clove of garlic," the foolish Simon hesitated no more, but very quickly and dexterously he took platter in one hand and pot in the other, and running downstairs, he asked the couple below what, in Heaven's name, the to-do was about.

"Here it is but eleven of the day, and you bawl like soldiers over a tavern cup. A murrain on the pair of you! As for you, La Gourchet, I will speak to the Rector, and you shall stand in the pillory. What! To beat a woman for a clove of garlic, and you a Christian man! Shame upon you—shame, I say!"

He set the stew upon the table with the words, and turned to the weeping woman to give her comfort. La Gourchet, sniffing the savoury odour, put down his whip and took up his platter.

"Rector or Cardinal, I care not a scudo," said he. "There's no priest in Paris whose barrel I will not hoop in a crack, and that's more than your scurvy Latin will do. Ay, carry the slut out, and read her what St. Thomas

hath written about a clove of garlic. 'Tis good sense, I'll warrant, and needs to be rubbed in—"

Michelle, the buxom wife, relieved of her tears, turned upon her good man in a fury of passion and reproach.

"Slut—oh, thou very scavenger! Slut—thou barrel of guilt, that I should hear it! Ay, slut I am, for touch of thee, thou Judas, thou—"

She failed for lack of breath, while the foolish Simon, moved by her distress and the cooper's merriment, asked them, for God's sake, to have done with it.

"Eat your dinner, La Gourchet, and go to your work. You have enough upon your conscience, Heaven knows. And you, Madame Michelle, I beg you hold your tongue. Remember that my task is a religious one, and cannot be interrupted without sin—"

"Ay, monk's cackle, monk's cackle," cried La Gourchet merrily. "Set Master Monk and Madame Sin side by side, and there'll be no interruption, I wager. Nay, go back to your desk, good Master Simon, and I promise you but for that cat's cry, you shall lie in a very grave. What! shall a man waste words with a Cardinal's stew under his nose? Out on it; I will be as silent as a *roué* that hath a window open to him—"

"He'll be silent enough while the trough's full," chimed in the buxom Michelle, rising and going about her business again; "ay, you shall hear his silence at St. Jacques' door; and all the dead waken to ask if the devils be in. I thank you, good Master Simon. There be women that know an honest man when they see one."

She turned soft eyes upon the troubled Simon, and sighed so amorously that the student made haste to get back to his desk, and to forget so unpleasant an interlude. Truth to tell, a more abashed man in the presence of woman was not to be found in all Paris; and when Madame Michelle thus looked at him or pressed his hand, or gave other evidence of her preference, he would blush and gape and tremble like some silly girl. In such trying moments his garret and the saintly Thomas, whom they called the subtle doctor, were his refuge; and shutting and barring his door, he would lose himself to the world and the evil which stalks by day. And this course he followed upon that memorable day of March in the year 1480.

Simon of York returned to his attic and his desk, but he did not return to his work. Scarce, indeed, was all prepared, the parchment, the missal, the ink, the graving tools, when what should happen but that the cooper's wife herself came up the stairs two at a time, and crying dolorously, she beat upon his door and bawled that her husband was dying of a poison.

"Monsieur, what salmigondi is this that poisons an honest man? Do you hear me there, you Simon? La Gourchet is dying of a poison, and you have given it to him. Come down, I say, and see your handiwork. Oh, you villain, that I should harbour you!"

It is to be imagined how very surprised the worthy Simon was to hear these doleful tidings; indeed, he thought, at the first, that the buxom Michelle jested with him, and rising angrily from his desk, he expostulated with her.

"My good woman, have you no pity! Do you not see how busy I am? Go away, I beseech you, and leave me to my task."

This he said while he heaved a sigh and contemplated the bare parchment before him, recollecting to what small profit he had turned that day. These people, Simon thought, were really beyond all bearing. He would go to the Rector to-morrow and seek a new lodging. In the meantime, he tried to shut his ears to the riot and din upon his staircase; but the more he protested the louder did the woman Michelle call him murderer, villain, filch-the-gallows, and such unwomanly epithets, until at last even Simon's patience was broken, and he unbarred the door to her.

"Pitiless wretch!" cried he; "what have I done that you should treat me so? If your husband is dying, it is the Rue Vin-le-Roy which has killed him. Am I a barber-surgeon, then, that I carry lancets for every tipsy fellow who drains a glass too many? Assuredly will I go to the Rector to-morrow, and then we shall see!"



"What! To beat a woman for a clove of garlic, and you a Christian man!"

"SIMON OF YORK."—BY MAX PEMBERTON.

These were his words while he was unbarring the door, but so soon as he saw Michelle herself the torrent of his anger was broken, and he began to believe that, after all, the woman had come with some true story. Her frightened eyes, her dishevelled hair, even her angry incriminations were not such as any common affair might justify. Indeed, she presented a very weebegone appearance, and thoroughly alarmed at what he saw, Simon went flying down the stairs to learn what had happened. In the room below his worst fears were justified. La Gourchet, the cooper of the Rue d'Arras, was dead beyond all waking. The Cardinal's salmigondi had poisoned him.

Now, Simon of York was a very foolish fellow, but there were some grains of wit, nevertheless, in his skull; and when he had fetched a barber-surgeon, and the neighbours had done what they could for the dead man, and a priest had been summoned, he sat himself down in his garret to reflect upon the strange events of that unlucky day, and, if possible, to mend them. His reflections were after this manner—

"La Gourchet certainly is dead. If this is not the visitation of God, then it is the Cardinal's sauce. I shall go to his Eminence and tell him what kind of a stew they make in his kitchen. But, upon the other hand, if I do that I shall declare myself a thief, for I helped myself to this sauce when Chicot's back was turned. This would never do at all. A Cardinal is a Cardinal, and a sauce is a sauce. Let someone else tell him; I will have nothing to do with it. As for this good woman who is bawling so for a man that beat her, she really does not know how very fortunate she is. I have a cooper on my conscience, and to-morrow, it may be, the Lord Cardinal. God help me! what a burden! If this thing be noised abroad the Rector will come, and the tale will be told, and I may find myself in a pretty fix. I certainly must stop the woman's mouth, or we shall both be ruined—and all for a tipsy fellow who sold his life for a clove of garlic!"

Such meditations, conceived in the finer spirit of the scholar's logic, helped the astute fellow to a better state of mind. No sooner had he come to such a wise determination than he sought out the buxom Michelle and began to argue with her. Whatever else were to be done, the woman must be taught to hold her tongue.

"Michelle," said he, very gently, "you and I are now alone in the world, and must help each other to fortune. I know well in what circumstances you are placed, and how grievous a loss you have suffered; nevertheless, it is in my head that we may mend this day and profit by it. That La Gourchet died of a poisoned sauce there is no doubt; but if we tell this to the people, we shall incur the anger of a very great man, and you know what that means. Let us therefore hold our tongues and act discreetly. I have something in my mind, and when the proper time comes I will speak."

Michelle dried her tears at these comforting words. Come what might, she knew that she would be beaten no more. This good Simon was young, and not altogether to be despised.

True, he was going to be a priest; but Heaven might will it otherwise and make a cooper of him. So she threw her arms about his neck and breathed a blessing on him.

Now, La Gourchet had been buried a week, and the stir of his death had ceased to agitate the neighbours, and Simon of York had graven a whole page of the saintly Thomas, when one day the widow Michelle, meeting him as he came from Mass, invited him to her kitchen and began, with many sighs and tears, to recite the story of her woes.

"Here am I," said she, "a lone widow, and the Lord only knows what is to become of me. Money I have none; not so much as to set a wooden cross upon La Gourchet's tomb! As for what you pay me, that would not keep flesh upon a sparrow! You are a big, strong fellow, and if you choose to work, there is money enough for your asking in the yard downstairs. You could put a hoop upon a barrel with the best of them, and yet what do you say? Why, it is all of missal and book and other trumperies that put bread into no man's stomach! Here's this house wanting a master; and a good woman—as the priest will tell you—going a-begging for a husband. I won't shame my sex by saying any more; but oh, Master Simon, I can bake bread for a bishop; and as for love, my poor dear, you'll never go wanting for that!"

Upon this she fell into a languishing attitude, and now sighing amorously, now looking at him beneath the heavy black-lashed lids of nicely rounded eyes, she seemed to say, "We can settle it this very day." Never was Simon of York in such a parlous predicament. Bred from his youth up in the holy atmosphere of the great Abbey of Fountains, a bishop's mitre or, at least, a canon's cope was the *Ultima Thule* of his life. As for woman—why, the monks had taught him that the mere existence of the sex was an infamy! And now, behold! the arms of woman were about his neck, and her tears were on his cheek. Simon disengaged himself from the

widow's embrace very gently, and set to work to remonstrate with her.

"There is reason in what you say, Michelle," said he; "but before we speak of that, you must listen to me. You are a poor woman, and even if I began to learn La Gourchet's trade, it would be some three months before I earned any money by it. Let us, then, see how we are to meet our present necessities. Your husband was poisoned by a dish from the Cardinal's kitchen. Very well; is it not for the Cardinal himself to make reparation? We have kept his secret, and no one knows anything about it. Now, it is my advice that you go straight to the palace and tell his Eminence all about it. Let him know that there is poison in his kitchen, and that it has killed La Gourchet. It is only right and proper that he should hear of so dastardly a thing; but it must be spoken into his own ear, and none other must be told. If you are wise, you will go this very day; and should you be fortunate enough to save his Eminence's life, he will reward you richly. I have been thinking of this all along, but waited to speak of it until your grief was forgotten. Go now, I beg of you, without delay, and that will be the end of your troubles."

Michelle heard him with very great astonishment. All said and done, this Simon of York had more than a clerical head. No mere priest, she said, would have thought of anything so shrewd. Being a wise woman herself, she began to see that she had a right to the Cardinal's charity. Had not the bread-winner of the house died because there was poison in his Lordship's kitchen? Who, then, should set that matter right if not Charles de Bourbon himself? The long and the short of it was that she flung her arms about Simon's neck once more, and, kissing him on both cheeks, set off for the Cardinal's house that very hour.

Simon of York, who was very glad to see the back of the widow Michelle, returned to his garret and to the labours

his hunger becoming very troublesome, he supped off a crust of bread, and a draught of water from the well; and while he supped he listened for footfalls in the street, saying that every passer-by was Michelle with her news. In this, however, he was mistaken; and, weary at last of waiting, he went up to his simple bed, and told himself that the widow Michelle's fortunes were made.

It was a bleak and blustering night, and the wind howled dismally under the eaves of the old houses in the Rue d'Arras. Once about the hour of midnight Simon heard an outcry in the street below, and opening his casement, cried loudly to know if that were Michelle; but the voices of fellow-students answered him merrily, saying that Jourdan the scrivener had a sword in his ink-horn, and that if any Michelle were lost between there and the river, they would break open the houses to find her. After which a patrol of the guard came by, and then the Provost's watch, who sang out that it was one o'clock of a wet and windy morning. Simon slept no more after that; but, waiting for the dawn impatiently, he rose with the light, and, all-curious to know what could have happened to so worthy a woman, he dressed himself in haste and ran headlong to the Cardinal's house. There, in the great kitchen, he found Chicot, the cook, and so soon as breath came back to his body he asked news of the widow.

"The wife of La Gourchet, she left her house last night to see his Eminence. She has not returned, friend Chicot—"

Chicot, the cook, raised a finger warningly and drew Simon apart to a place where none could hear them.

"Friend Simon," said he, "I will be plain with you. Your friend the widow is in the Châtelet."

"The Châtelet!" cried Simon; "indeed you jest, Maître Chicot! Is not that a malefactors' prison?"

"No other," answered the cook imperturbably.

"Then why, why have they sent the poor woman there?"

Chicot looked very wise and knowing.

"Because," said he slowly, "because she knew how to make a Cardinal's sauce!"

Simon of York left the Cardinal's palace a perplexed and thoughtful man.

"Ah!" said he, "how strange a place is this great city of Paris! Here is a good woman shut up for life in a dungeon of the Châtelet because she tells the Cardinal there is poison in his sauce. And here am I, who tried to do her a service, granted the possession of her house until his Lordship has need of it. Certainly, I know what I know; but that is no reason for telling it to other people. I will hold my tongue and enjoy my good fortune," said Simon.

He muttered a prayer for the dead man's soul, and mounted nimbly to his garret. But for the Prior of the Carthusians, who died (of an apoplexy) in the Lord Cardinal's

house on the very day that the widow Michelle lost her husband, no prayer was spoken.

(End of "Simon of York" No. 1.)

JAPAN IN ENGLAND.

The City of London officially recognised the visit of the Marquis Ito to England by a luncheon given in his honour at the Mansion House on Jan. 3. The guests assembled to meet the distinguished Japanese statesman were received in the saloon, and were escorted into the Egyptian Room for the luncheon by the pipers of the Scots Guards, who also played while the loving-cup was passing round at the conclusion of the meal. The Lord Mayor, after having given the customary loyal toasts, proposed his guest's health. The Marquis replied in Japanese, his speech being translated for those not familiar with the language, and referred to the cordial relations which have existed for nearly a century between England and Japan. Among the guests present were the Duke of Argyll, Lord Rosebery, Lord Wolverton, Lord Avebury, and the Japanese Minister.

On New Year's Day the "Kwan Jitsu," or ceremony of doing reverence to the Emperor's portrait, was performed on board the Japanese battle-ship *Mikasa* at Portsmouth. The portraits of the Emperor, the Empress, and Crown Prince are usually kept curtained over, but on New Year's Day the curtains are drawn aside and the Emperor's portrait revered by all officers, warrant officers, and petty officers of the ship. The Captain bows first, then stands near the portrait, while all the others come singly and bow. The Japanese have an intense patriotic reverence for their Emperor—the term Mikado is never used in Japan—and this ceremony is to them as the Mass to ultra-devout Catholics. The *Mikasa*, now in dock at Portsmouth preparatory to leaving for Japan, is the most powerful battle-ship in the world. Her length over all is 436 ft.; she has a tonnage of 15,200, and a complement of 730. She carries Krupp armour.



Photo. Cribb, Southsea.

THE LARGEST WAR-VESSEL AFLOAT: THE JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP "MIKASA" ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

so often interrupted. The old house in the Rue d'Arras was very quiet now, and never had the saintly Thomas a more painstaking votary. Throughout that long afternoon Simon slaved at his task, and gave thanks for his opportunity. It is true that, since La Gourchet's death, the unseemly brawls which used to disturb him no longer broke in upon his serious occupations; nevertheless, the hour was rare which did not bring the widow Michelle to his door upon some paltry pretext of a desire to serve him; and Simon had come to believe that of the two, he preferred her sorrow to her sympathy. Now, however, he worked in a very paradise. Scarce a sound came up to him from that lonely street. The strident cries of nomadic traders were to be heard in the Pays Latin. The great bell of Notre Dame, tolling mournfully, seemed to him to call to meditation and to labour. Absorbed in the pursuit of fine flourishes, aspiring to new masterpieces in gold and crimson, Simon bent over his task and let the fleeting hours go by. What a thing it would be, he said, if every day were as this, and all that called him from his garret were the teachers and the carpets of rushes they trod! Nevertheless, he feared it could not be; and, anon, becoming hungry, he remembered that the widow Michelle had not returned.

"Ha! then the Cardinal indeed has need of her," said Simon to himself, as he pushed away his book for lack of light, and went to the casement to peer down into the narrow street below. "His Eminence is inquiring into her story and punishing the guilty. She will come back with her lap full of crowns, and we shall drink red wine to-night. Happy day! I am indeed a wise fellow!" said Simon.

His own prescience delighted him, and he continued to imagine all that might happen to Michelle in the Cardinal's house. It was certainly odd that she had not returned; but then she had so much to say, and his Lordship so much to hear. Simon began to think that she would return at seven o'clock; and when seven was cried by the watch he thought it would be eight. Anon,

A WELL-KNOWN RIVERSIDE WALK IN DANGER OF DEMOLITION.

DRAWN BY HEDLEY FITTON.



BARNES TERRACE, THREATENED BY THE ADVENT OF TRAMWAYS

Barnes Terrace, so well known to rowing enthusiasts, is jeopardised by the London United Tramways Company, which is introducing a Bill for powers to raze the lime-trees and many of the houses. It is to be hoped that something will be done to prevent the obliteration of so picturesque a riverside walk.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I perused the other day the account of certain experiments, or rather observations, carried out in the case of certain animals belonging to the frog class. The history of the animals in question bears so intimately upon the great question of the evolution of species that my readers may well be tempted to feel interested in the recital which science offers for our instruction. Everyone knows the familiar newts or efts that dwell in our ponds, and that may be regarded as first cousins to the frogs and toads. They possess tails, it is true, and are thus of lower grade than the frogs, although the frogs and toads themselves pass through a tailed or newt stage in the course of their development, and thus illustrate how they have climbed up the ladder of development to a superior position in the amphibian class. Our newts, like the frogs, possess gills in early life, but part with the gills; and although living in the water, breathe by lungs, and inhale air directly from the atmosphere.

Certain newts, however, do not part with their gills when lungs are developed. They retain both types of breathing-organs, and are thus, in the truest sense of the term, "amphibian" animals. The Proteus that inhabits underground caves in Central Europe and the Sirens of American swamps illustrate creatures of the double-breathing class. North America contains many examples of the newt tribe, and among them is a curious creature known as the Axolotl, one of whose chief habitats is the Lake of Mexico. It breathes by gills and lungs both. It breeds freely, and produces young which resemble the parents. There would therefore appear to exist every reason for regarding the axolotl as a distinct species of the newt tribe. Definite form and habits, and, above all, the fact that it is able to reproduce its like, constitute characters that naturalists, in the case of an animal or plant, rely upon for the determination of its distinct personal identity.

Somewhere about the 'sixties, however, it was observed that certain axolotls kept in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris came out of the water in which they lived, shed their gills, cast away their tail fins, parted with their skins, and then appeared before the astonished eyes of naturalists as newts of quite a different kind. They now possessed rounded tails and bodies of a black hue spotted with yellow. In this guise they were readily enough recognised. They were seen to be newts, well known in North America under the name of Amblystoma. The question naturally arose, first of all, What was the relation of the axolotl, or first form, to the amblystoma stage of things? Then came another query concerning the cause of the change of identity—for it amounted to this—which had ensued in an apparently spontaneous fashion in the Paris gardens. The second question was answered later on chiefly through the admirable and patient experiments of a lady investigator, Fraulein von Chauvin.

This lady, after many discouragements, succeeded in solving the problem that puzzled the zoological world. She gradually lured the axolotls from their water-environment to a dry land existence. There were intermediate stages to be gone through. Snipping off their gills had no effect, for the gills were duly reproduced. But when, by first of all placing her axolotls on damp moss, and then bringing additional conditions of dryness to bear upon them, Fraulein von Chauvin gradually converted their life from the aquatic to the land type, she was rewarded by seeing them change into amblystomas. Hence, it was concluded that she had successfully imitated nature in the work of altering a creature's constitution by changing its surroundings. A succession of dry seasons might be regarded as the ways and means whereby the transformation of the axolotl into the amblystoma was accomplished in the world at large.

If so much was made clear, the question that remained for solution was easy of determination. It was evident that the axolotl was the young stage of the other form, just as the tadpole is the immature stage of the frog. Nobody doubts this view, but that which constitutes a feature of unusual kind is the fact that in its imperfect, or youthful, stage, the axolotl should be capable of laying eggs and producing young. This is a feature not unknown to naturalists, but it is decidedly exceptional. We associate the reproductive powers with full growth, and not with immaturity. Hence arises another series of considerations which I have alluded to as bearing very decidedly on the great question of the evolution of species. If an animal remains in its tadpole stage, and acquires all the features of an adult animal, are we to regard it as a distinct species or not? Suppose nobody had ever observed an axolotl to change into an amblystoma, we should have assigned the rank of a separate species to each. If the amblystoma, as it does, passed through an axolotl stage in its development, we should simply regard that, as we do the newt stage of our own frog, as the reproduction of a chapter in its past evolution.

But we know that the two forms are connected in the relation of tadpole stage to the perfect animal. Hence arises the further consideration, Are they still only one species, or are they two? There is no hard-and-fast line to be drawn in the matter. The whole question is whether any animal, no matter what its origin, exhibits characters which, if seen or paralleled in the case of other animals, would entitle it to rank as a distinct form. Judged by this safe criterion, we may see in this wonderful life-history a panorama moving before our eyes of the manner in which one species may have been evolved from another. In Dakota and Colorado, we are told, axolotls change into amblystomas. In Mexico they do not change. Herein we see what environment means in the evolution of life. In Mexico they have an aquatic existence, with no temptation or incentive to develop the land form. In other regions, where dryness is present, they survive only because they conform to their surroundings, and, getting rid of their gills, develop into purely terrestrial beings.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

R H M (Beaufort Gardens).—We require two things before looking at your problem: (1) that it shall be written on a diagram; (2) that your name shall be given in confidence.

SORRENTO, E J WINTER WOOD, E J SHARPE, and A B C.—Many thanks for good wishes.

M SHAIDA ALI KHAN (Rampur).—We are much obliged for your contributions, which we are examining, and hope to make use of in the near future, if suitable.

CAMILLO DE CAVALLHO (Rio de Janeiro).—We trust to find your contribution worthy of your country, and will give it our best attention.

P H WILLIAMS.—We have unfortunately mislaid your problem and address. Will you kindly send another diagram of the position?

BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).—Your problem is defective by 1. R to K 5th (ch), followed by 2. B to K 8th, etc.

L TUCKER (Sheffield).—Editor, 38, Park Cross Street, Leeds.

G M HOLLS.—Both your problems are impossible of solution.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2997 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 3001 from C A M (Penang); of No. 3002 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad) and C A M (Penang); of No. 3003 from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur), Banarsi Das, and Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3004 from S Ikram Hosain Khan (Rampur), Richard Burke (Ceylon), and Banarsi Das; of No. 3005 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad) and C W Mulligan (Chicago); of No. 3006 from C W Mulligan (Chicago); of No. 3007 from Dr. Goldsmith, Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), J Bryden (Wimbledon), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 3008 from C Emerson Carter (Peebles), J Bryden, A B C (Hampstead), H S Brandreth (San Remo), J F Moon, B O Clark, F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), and G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill); of No. 3009 from Clement C Danby, Edward J Sharpe, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), M Abdul Hafeez (Brighton), Sorrento, Major Nangle, J W (Campsie), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Shadforth, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H S Brandreth (San Remo), T Colledge Hailburton (Jedburgh), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Charles Burnett, R Worters (Canterbury), C E Perugini, Marco Salem (Bologna), Edith Corser (Reigate), F J Candy, J Bryden, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), T D (Liscard), T Roberts, and W D Easton (Sunderland).

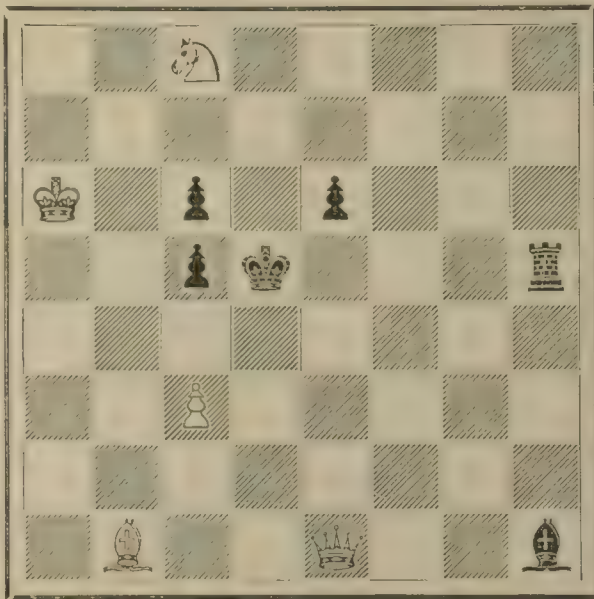
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3010 received from Rev. A Mays (Bedford), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Alpha, Edward J Sharpe, C E Perugini, Reginald Gordon, T Roberts, Hereward, J F Moon, E J Winter Wood, F Dalby, R Worters (Canterbury), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), R W T (Jersey), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Clement C Danby, F J S (Hampstead), Charles Burnett, H S Brandreth (San Remo), Shadforth, F W Moore (Brighton), and W D Easton (Sunderland).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3009.—BY PERCY HEALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 7th P to K 3rd
2. Kt to K 4th Any move
3. Q or K mates.
If Black play 1. Any other, then 2. B takes P (ch), and 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 3012.—BY B. G. LAWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. C. S. HOWELL and F. J. MARSHALL.
(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	18. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
2. P to Q B 4th	P to Q B 4th	19. R takes P	Kt to B sq
This counter-attack is not to be commended in preference to the sounder P to K 3rd.		20. Q to Q 2nd	B takes P (ch)
3. P takes Q P	Q takes P	21. K takes B	Q to B 2nd (ch)
4. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes P	22. B to Q 6th	Kt takes B
5. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	23. R takes Kt	B to B 3rd
6. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	24. Kt to Q 7th	Q R to Q sq
7. Q to Q R 4th	P to K 4th	25. R to Q B sq	R takes Kt
8. P to K 4th	B to Q 3rd	26. R (B sq) takes B	Q tks R (B 6th)
9. B to Q Kt 5th	K Kt to K 2nd	27. R takes R	Q takes P
10. B to K 3rd	Castles	The result is that Black comes out a piece to the bad, but much interest attaches to the process and to the excellent management of the middle and end game by White.	
11. R to Q sq	Q to B 2nd	28. B to B 3rd	Q to K 3rd
12. Castles	P to Q R 3rd	29. R to Q 8th	P to Kt 3rd
13. B to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	30. Q to Q 6th	R takes R
There was no need to retire; B to Kt 6th or Kt to Q 5th was far more enterprising.		31. Q takes R (ch)	Kt to Kt 2nd
14. Q to B 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th	32. Q to Q 4th (ch)	Kt to B sq
If 14. Kt takes P, P takes Kt; 15. Q takes R, B to K 2nd; and White's Queen is lost.		33. P to Q R 3rd	P to K R 4th
15. Kt to Q 5th	B to Kt 2nd	34. P to Kt 3rd	Q to K 8th
16. Kt to Q 6th	Q to Q sq	35. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	Q takes Q
17. B to B 5th	R to Kt sq	36. P takes Q	Kt to K 2nd
The interest is well sustained, and there are complications sufficient to satisfy those who are keen on deep analysis.		37. B to Kt 7th	Kt to Q 3rd
		38. B takes P	Kt to B 3rd
		39. B to B 8th	Kt to Q 4th
		40. B to Q 7th	Kt to B 5th
		41. B to K 8th	Kt to Kt 6th
		42. B takes P (ch)	Ktks P (Kt 2)
		43. B takes P	Resigns.

CHESS IN SWEDEN.

Game played between Messrs. A. C. M. PRITZEL and J. GIERSENG.
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Q to K 4th	Kt to Q 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to R sq
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	16. Q R to K sq	Kt takes P
4. B takes Kt		17. B takes B	Q takes B
The aim of White in this opening must be always to keep Black confined as much as possible. The text-move opens his game, and frees Black considerably.		18. R to B sq	R to Q 4th
5. Kt to B 3rd	Q P takes B	In any case, the piece is lost. If R to Q 5th, the answer is Q to K 2nd. It is not often a neater trap is seen.	
6. P to Q 3rd	B to Q B 4th	19. P to Q 4th	P takes P
The reply to 6. Kt takes P would be B takes P (ch), and this gives Black a superior game.		20. R takes Kt	Kt to Q R 4th
7. B to K 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	21. Q to K 7th	K R to Q sq
8. Castles	B to K Kt 5th	22. R to K 2nd	P to R 3rd
9. Q to K 2nd	Castles K R	23. Q to B 7th	P to Q 4th
10. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt	24. R to K 7th	R to K Kt sq
11. Q takes B	Q R to Q sq	25. Kt to K 4th	R to K B 4th
12. Kt to K 2nd	P to K B 4th	26. Q to Kt 6th	Q to Q 4th
13. P takes P	Kt takes P	27. R to K sq	P to Kt 4th
The play in the ending by White is very good, for in spite of the extra piece, the road to victory was not easy.		28. P to K R 4th	R (B 4) to B sq
		29. Kt to Kt 5th	Resigns.

ON THE SIERPES.

In a country that has studied the fine art of repose, Seville is the most peaceful city, and the Sierpes is that city's most peaceful street. Lovers of Spain will hasten, perhaps, to deny the claims of Seville; but I will maintain them against all comers. To be sure, there are cities in the north stricken with peacefulness as with a plague, ruined towns with crumbling monuments blinking helplessly at the sun from grass-grown squares, towns that belong to another century long past and can never wake to this one. Their peace is of the grave; they have been dead for many years; but Seville is alive and comparatively flourishing. Commerce makes claims that are not denied; the great tobacco-factory receives its hundreds of workmen every day; fashion crowds the *paseo*, and electric trams thread the orange and myrtle groves in the public gardens given by the Duchess of Montpensier from her park of St. Elmo. Fair-time draws all Andalusia to Seville; the *corridos de toros de muerte* are second to none in the Peninsula; and yet Seville is full of a peace that passes the possibilities of gratitude. Conscious of it while he is in the town, the traveller finds the memory of this profound restfulness following him into other countries, and causing comparisons in which Seville ever has the advantage. In Paris, Berlin, Vienna, in the Eternal City, among the bazaars of Stamboul, Cairo, or Damascus, he will recall the Sierpes of Seville, and in his heart will pray to return thither.

A long narrow street, protected from "the hours of fire" by awnings drawn from one window on the highest floor to its corresponding neighbour across the way, the Sierpes possesses few attractions at first sight. There are clubs in plenty and cafés not a few: so marked is the resemblance of one to the other that a stranger might make a mistake and sit down on the chairs in front of a bay window crowded with the élite of Andalusia. The shops are good—better, perhaps, than any others in Seville—but the owners do not attempt to push trade. You show them no consideration in seeking their wares; they are kind to disturb themselves, and if you do not see what you want, seek for it elsewhere in the name of Saint Somebody, and do not trouble people who prefer to rest undisturbed. There is no traffic on the Sierpes; it is given up to the pedestrians as much as our Burlington and Royal Arcades. Club and café are in receipt of custom from eleven in the morning until some small hour of the morning. If they do not rival the famous Café Florian on the Piazza of St. Mark in Venice, they approach it nearly.

Who shall render justice to the exquisite grace, the thousand wiles of the Spanish woman? I note her frequent passage along the Sierpes, and recall the Psalmist's description of those who, passing through the arid wilderness, make it suddenly fruitful. For the Sierpes has partly closed its doors to womenkind; they cannot enter the clubs, and while they are by themselves the cafés are a forbidden land. Shops are few, but excuses are plentiful, and as the afternoon cools they appear, attended by husbands, brothers, or elderly duennas—dainty pictures with mantilla in place of bonnet, black lace set off by some scarlet flower, and a fan, fashioned slenderly of tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, or filigree work, to stand between their faces and the sun. The club dandies follow them with their eyes speechlessly; the bull-fighters who are lounging in the Café Emperadores affect a more ostentatious pose; the street arabs make way. All in their degree render homage, silent, respectful, devout.

Towards the dinner-hour the crowd thickens; pedestrians from the *paseo* stroll through the Sierpes on the way home. In club and café the numbers have remained constant—the newcomers have taken every seat as it became vacant, and are doing nothing with all the fervour of their predecessors. An echo of the military band on the Plaza de San Fernando reaches the Sierpes, and a light breeze, herald of the evening, brings the perfume of flowers from the stall a few yards away, where some little trade is being done at prices that must leave scanty profit for the sellers. I bought a big bunch of carnations, fragrant and exquisitely tinted, at less than half the price I was called upon to pay for a single one some few months ago in Monte Carlo, and even then the black-eyed, olive-skinned gipsy girl who sold them wondered at the price I paid, and asked me timidly if I was an American.

I try in vain to account to myself for the fascination of the Sierpes—a fascination appreciated and shared by all Seville, rich and poor, young and old. Atmosphere has something to do with it: the air is stimulating; the costume of men and women, though European, is not too Western; fans, mantillas, sombreros, *fajas*, lend a distinction to the place. There is a sense of remoteness, too, that is very pleasing. Posts are few, telegrams are almost unknown, the telephone does not make the day hideous. Newspapers are three or four days old when they have reached Seville from London: it is too late to be enthusiastic over good news, and bad news may have been mended by some subsequent event. Nobody hurries or worries; you sit before your empty cup and glass for an hour or more, and the waiter will not disturb you. Your difficulty is to persuade him to disturb himself. In other cities, even in the East, one finds excitement, bustle, anxiety to be moving; from Tangier to Baghdad, from Paris to St. Petersburg, the commercial spirit is in evidence; it flutters over every market-place, stirring with one movement the exchange of the West and the bazaar of the East. Seville is overlooked; perhaps it is guarded by the figure on the top of the Giralda Tower, which watches the city year in year out as the Virgin of Notre Dame de la Garde watches over Marseilles. Here at least one may accept the result without troubling to seek the cause. Seville lives but sleeps, and dreams beautiful dreams in the cool retreat of the Sierpes, careless of the busy world beyond her ken, knowing only that the coming day brings another dream in its train, and that the years will pass slowly, happily, laden with all the pleasures that come to the dwellers in this lotos land. Ambition, great deeds, struggles of every sort have their place in life, but it is a place far removed from the Sierpes of Seville. B.

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disappointed in my sisters' speeches on such occasions. At one dinner three ladies spoke, and, by a strange coincidence, all took the opportunity to do naught else than complain of their critics. I shall never forget the ludicrous appearance of one old lady trying to be humorous in her repetition several times over in an amazed tone of a caustic remark about her work that somebody had printed; and not only was her style absurd, but could anything be more preposterous in itself than repeating unkind things that people have said about one? The three ladies who spoke at a literary club Christmas dinner the other day all fell into the same error. By a similar odd coincidence they one and all objected to the habit, which they declared was that of the public, of identifying the writer with the experiences and opinions of the heroines of her novels. The ventilation of a grievance at a public dinner is not tactful, to say the least of it. Perhaps the explanation is that the ladies are invited to speak because they are known as writers, while they have really no gifts nor the least practice as orators. A good after-dinner speech must be to some extent inspired by the moment; if all learned by heart beforehand it has little chance of being light and bright enough. Women who propose to deliver speeches must learn to trust to the inspiration of the moment more; not to make so much ceremony about the matter—in short, to speak to a crowd as they would chat to one, after dinner, at any rate.

Naturally enough, the foreign dress-houses are all anxious to share in the possible wave of trade prosperity in this country that may mark the Coronation season. Several Paris houses have made preparations to push their wares direct, by taking rooms in the big hotels and advertising by circular, or by positively setting up business in private houses or shops. The latest of such attempts is made by a Viennese firm, and many very smart dresses do, in fact, originate in that capital. The taste and talent of the foreign modistes we must all acknowledge; but, on the other hand, we can obtain, if we like, the best of work from our own people, and the Queen's request that home industries should profit is one that ought to be borne in mind and attended to by patriotic women. The worse things are for our trade—and they are bad; how can it be otherwise?—the more important it is that we should help to support our own workpeople. There are some accessories of dress that do not seem to be produced here, such as the fine but not too expensive panels, passementeries, and other embroideries that are such a feature of dress. This being so, we must needs look abroad for them for the present. The Royal Schools of Art Needlework, both the London one and the Dublin similar place, are ready to work elaborate embroidery on gowns, and a special appeal has been made by Princess Christian in England and Lady Cadogan in Ireland for orders to be given to these schools for the fronts of the Peeresses'



VELVET TEA GOWN WITH LACE AND SABLE.

Coronation robes; it is the more ordinary, light, and not so costly embroideries that seem to be all done abroad. The reason is probably the same as that which makes lace manufacture so much more followed on the Continent than here—namely, that the pay that the workers abroad will accept is so very, very small that they out our more costly workwomen from these home industries. But granting that we must "take our good where we can find it," in dress as well as in other matters, we can patronise our native industries for much of our work, and ought to take care to do so.

Fancy work is a great resource in the country for the long evenings of this time of year, and some of us may help to prepare our own embroidered *parements* for next season, and save the money that they would have cost for other purposes. There is little doubt that an embroidered vest-piece will come in very useful. The tendency seems to point towards the "Louis Quinze" fashion in making coat bodices for smart visiting-dresses, and even if this indication is not followed when the season comes, still, it is quite certain that the style just mentioned will be the most popular for those useful garments, dressy dinner-jackets and theatre-coats. To prepare a vest of embroidery, therefore, will certainly be a useful investment of time. Either a very pretty antique-patterned brocade may be chosen, and the sprays or convolutions of its design followed with the silks and sequins used, or a plain silk or satin can be obtained, and have a suitable pattern marked on it by the ordinary method of transfer-papers. A small design is right; tiny sprays of flowers, with sequin centres, or involved twists and swirls of slender lines picked out at intervals with little clusters of sequins, would be in harmony with the period, and it is a most elegant bit of drawing-room work to have on hand. Pink merv worked in deeper pinks and pale blues, brightened with gold sequins, or black satin with a small floral design carried out in silks of peach-blossom, pale gold and green worked over it, and steel or silver sequins, may be suggested as suitable fronts to a black brocade "Louis" coat. Cuffs and outside pockets are also necessary to be worked in order to carry out the design properly.

Our Illustrations show handsome velvet gowns of the nature of tea-gowns, but also suited for dinner and home evenings. The one that is quite décolletée is trimmed with white lace on long stole ends edged round with mink and fastened with clasps of jewels, such as the Parisian Diamond Company make a speciality of supplying. The other gown is also fastened with similar clasps, but has the fur as a centre edging and a band of lace placed upon the velvet, running down each side of the front.

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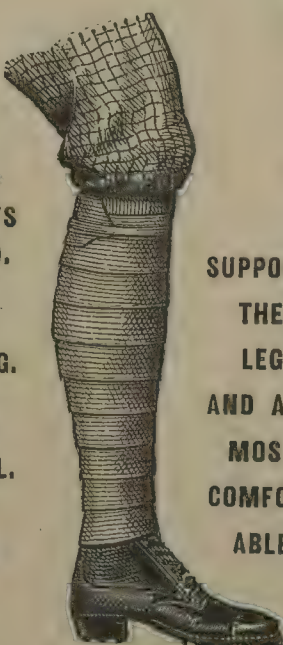


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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Venerable Dean of Chichester will be followed into his retirement by the affection and sympathy of a very large circle of friends. In Clifton, for over twenty years he enjoyed a remarkable popularity as Vicar of All Saints, the chief Ritualistic church of the town. He was a powerful extempore preacher, his addresses during Lent and Advent being especially sought after. Among his curates were not a few young men who have since risen to important positions in the Church. Although a strong High Churchman and an advanced Ritualist, Dr. Randall had never any sympathy with the movement for approaching Rome. Like his friend Archdeacon Denison, he has always been a loyal son of the Church of England.

One of the first London churches to introduce unfermented wine at the Holy Communion is St. Paul's, Portman Square. Even there it will only be used at some of the services. The Vicar, the Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, has made the innovation in deference to requests addressed to him from many quarters.

The Rev. R. Noble Jackson, Rector of Sudeley, has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. Few English clergymen have had a more fascinating career. He held a Naval chaplaincy, and went through the China War of 1857; he also helped the surgeons in the American Civil War; and was in active service in South America. As a young man he was curate at Bishop's Stortford, where he became godfather to Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has now quite recovered from his recent indisposition, and appeared to be in excellent health when he visited Folkestone last week in order to open the new Church House, which has been erected as a memorial to the late Canon Matthew Woodward, Vicar of Folkestone for over half a century. The Mayor (Lord Radnor) and the Corporation attended in state, and the Primate walked in the procession from the parish church to the new buildings. The Archbishop spent New Year's Day at Canterbury, and arrived at Lambeth Palace at the beginning of this week for the Session.

It is very improbable that the Bishops of London or Kensington will think it worth while to interfere with the Rev. W. Carlile, of the Church Army, who, in a letter written on Christmas Day, defends himself against



Photo. P. J. Hegarty.

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW AT NICE: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHURCH.

The wedding of Mr. Chauncey Depew, the famous American statesman, with Miss May Palmer, was celebrated at Nice on December 28, in the American Church, and also at the Church of Notre Dame. The civil ceremony was performed at the American Consulate on the previous day. The bride and bridegroom left France for America on New Year's Day.

the attacks which have been made on his "Doll and Pudding Sundays." The Bishop of London, especially, has on more than one occasion expressed the warmest approval of the unconventional but thoroughly efficient work carried on by the Army. Mr. Carlile mentions that his church is attended every day of the year except Saturdays by large congregations of men; while in the adjoining Rectory over forty pounds a week is paid in wages to destitute persons, so as to bridge over periods of perplexity.

The Dean of Westminster is taking his usual New Year holiday. He is very much better in health than he was at this time last year, and was able, without fatigue, to preach both on Christmas morning and on Holy Innocents' Day.

The "Million Pledges Campaign" has been most successful so far as numbers are concerned, Dr. Henry, the eminent American temperance orator, having addressed about 300,000 people during the autumn. The number of new pledges taken, however, only amounts to 17,000, and it is felt that much more time must be allowed for the completion of the million. Dr. Henry will accordingly remain in this country, and will begin his second crusade about the end of January.

Very interesting scenes might have been witnessed last week at the headquarters of the Wesleyan Twentieth Century Fund in City Road. By every post a great bundle of letters arrived, each containing a cheque for a larger or a smaller amount. The Simultaneous Collection was very heartily taken up by the Wesleyan churches throughout the country, and the results are, on the whole, as satisfactory as the officials expected. Several country churches, owing to the gifts of generous individuals, took a high place on the list. One of these was Lytham-on-Sea, near Blackpool, which contributed over a thousand pounds. The end of the great "Million Guineas" effort is now in sight.

The members of the Round Table Conference at Fulham Palace much enjoyed the opportunity of personal intercourse with the Bishop of London; and, apart from theological discussion, the meeting must have had good results in bringing together men of widely varying opinions. The dinner-parties, over which Dr. Winnington-Ingram presided on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings of last week, were very enjoyable social functions. V.

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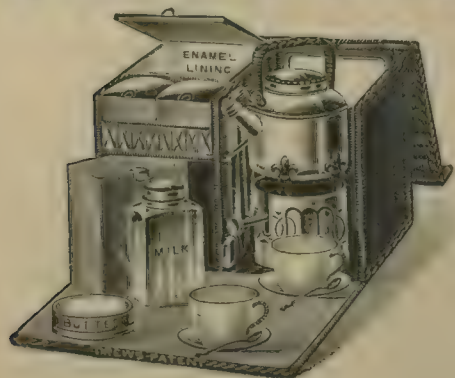
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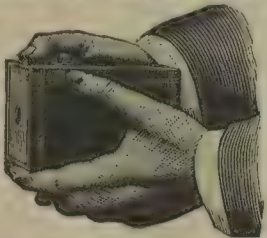
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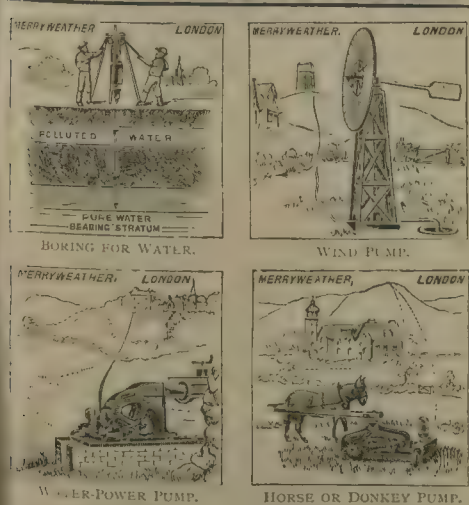
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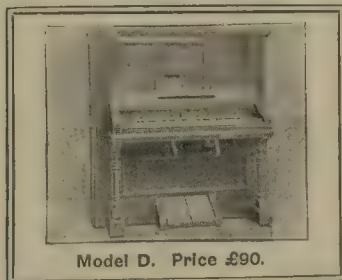
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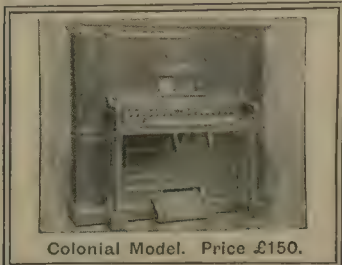
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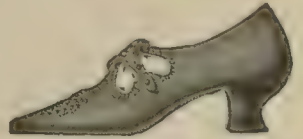
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OXFORD ST.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1897), with three codicils (dated Aug. 8, 1898, Sept. 9, 1899, and Oct. 6, 1900), of Mr. Alfred Harris, of Wharfenden, Farnborough, formerly Chairman of the Bradford Old Bank, who died on Nov. 14, was proved on Dec. 30 by Mrs. Anne Harris, the widow, and Edward Harris and Arthur Harris, the sons, three of the executors, the value of the real and personal estate being £105,281. The testator bequeaths £1700, the household furniture, and during her widowhood the income of £35,000 and the use of Wharfenden, to his wife, but should she again marry, an annuity of £500 is to be paid to her; £3500 each to his sons Edward and Arthur; £3000 each to his daughters Isabella Mary Tindall and Amy Harriet Le Blanc Smith; £2500 each to his daughters Annie Meryon Chance and Hannah Gwendoline Meryon Harris; £4000 each to his sons Herbert Alfred and George William; £5000 each to his daughters Marion and Lilian; £5000 each to his sons Theodore, Alfred, and Cecil; £4500 to his son Wilfred; £50 each to the Infirmary, the School for the Blind, and the Eye and Ear Hospital, Bradford; £50 to the Ilkley Charitable Hospital; £50 to the Kendal Memorial Hospital; and £50 to the Kirkby Lonsdale Working Men's Club. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will and codicil (both dated March 29, 1901) of Captain William Neal, of 77, Onslow Square, and

Kingsdon, Somerset, who died on Nov. 24, have just been proved by Herbert Neal and Alfred Ernest Neal, the brothers, the executors, the value of the estate being £66,976. He bequeaths £1000 each to his sister-in-law Frances Mary Monro, Caroline Emilie Gordon Davidson, Edith Katharine Davidson, Franklin Neal, Henry Oliver Duncan Davidson, and Robert Webber Monro; his furniture, plate, pictures, live and dead stock, rents due and accruing, and the money at the estate account at his bankers to the person who shall succeed to the Kingsdon settled estates; and other legacies. He gives certain real estate to his brothers and the children of any deceased brother, and the residue of his personal estate between the children of his brothers and sisters.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1897) of Mr. John Taylor Gardner, of 66, Lancaster Gate, who died on Oct. 9, was proved on Dec. 14 by George Herbert Clapham, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £66,254. Subject to a legacy of £100 to his executor, the testator leaves all his property on trust to pay the income of one third thereof to his wife, Mrs. Alice Gardner, during her life or widowhood. With these exceptions he gives all his estate and effects to his sons John Charles Walter Holden Gardner and Edward Philip Holden Gardner.

The will (dated March 19, 1898), with a codicil (dated Feb. 15, 1901), of Mr. Frederick William Bond, of

15, Dorset Square, who died on Nov. 24, was proved on Dec. 31 by Mrs. Marion Bond, the widow, Miss Mary Louise Bond, the daughter, and Alsager Vian, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £55,155. The testator gives to his wife £515, and during her widowhood the use of his furniture and domestic effects, and the income from three fifths of the residue of his property, she paying £100 per annum to his son Frederick Lafargue; £300 to his daughter Mary Louise; £200 to his daughter Janetta Marion; £100 to his son; and £150 to Alsager Vian. Should Mrs. Bond again marry, a sum of £3000 is to be paid to her, and on her death or remarriage the income of £3000 paid to his son. Subject thereto his property is to be divided between his two daughters.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1901) of Colonel Arthur John Bethell Thellusson, late Coldstream Guards, of Little Casino, Aldeburgh, Suffolk, who died on Oct. 18, was proved on Dec. 27 by William Evelyn Long, Colonel Sir Richard Edward Rowley Martin, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., and Edward Middleton Johnson, the executors, the value of the estate being £48,410. He bequeaths £2000 and his household furniture and effects not at Aldeburgh to his wife, and he makes no further provision for her, having done so in his lifetime; and £100 each to William Evelyn Long and Sir Richard Martin. He appoints the funds of his first marriage settlement to his daughters Frederica Charlotte Louisa Rooke,

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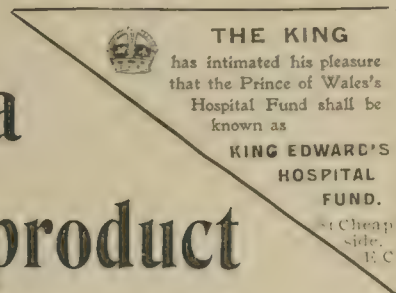
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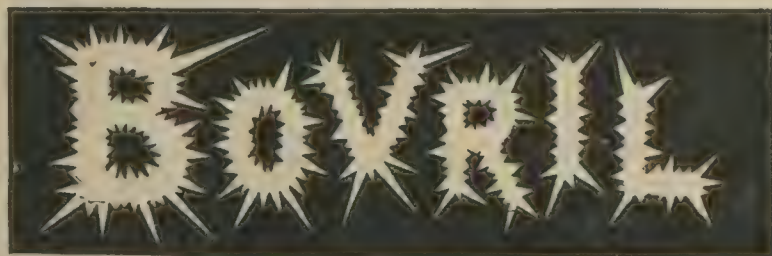
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THE ROYAL WORKS. ST. ANN'S SQUARE. PLACE JARDIN PUBLIC. 8, VON BRANDIS SQUARE.

Katharine Emily Wilhelmina Manns, and Selina Mabel Thellusson, and he gives to them the residue of his property.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1901), with a codicil (dated May 7 following), of Mr. Frederick Warne, of 8, Bedford Square, Bloomsbury, late of Messrs. Warne and Co., publishers, Bedford Street, Strand, who died on Nov. 7, was proved on Dec. 28 by Harold Edmund Warne, William Fruing Warne, and Norman Dalziel Warne, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £45,502. Out of a sum of £37,500 still remaining in the business of Warne and Co., he gives £3000 to his daughter Mrs. Edith Jane Stephens; £4500 to his daughter Amelia Louisa Warne; £5000, on trust, for his wife for life, and then for his three sons; £8833 to his son Harold Edmund; £8333 to his son William Fruing; and £7833 to his son Norman Dalziel. He also gives his leasehold residence, with the household furniture and the cash at his bankers on current and deposit accounts, to his wife; two life policies for £3000 and £2000 to his wife for life, and then for his two daughters; the bonuses on the policy for £2000, on trust, for his grandson Frederick Warne Stephens; and £100 to Edward James Dodd. The residue of his property he leaves between his five children.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1901) of Mr. Arthur James Lewis, of 49, West Cromwell Road, and of Regent Street, silk mercer, who died on Nov. 24, was proved on Dec. 19 by Mrs. Eliza Murray Kate Lewis, the widow, Frank Gielgud,

the son-in-law, Fred Terry, the brother-in-law, and Hubert Wingfield, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £45,198. The testator bequeaths to his wife £1000, his household furniture, jewels, carriages and horses, and an additional £1000 to be applied by her for such purposes as he may by a memorandum direct; to Hubert Wingfield £100; and to his son-in-law and brother-in-law £50 each. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of one moiety to his wife during her widowhood, or of two fifths thereof should she again marry, and, subject to the power of appointment over such two fifths part by her, the ultimate residue is to go to his four daughters, Janet Maud Terry Lewis, Lucy Marian Terry Lewis, Kate Terry Gielgud, and Mabel Gwynnead Terry Lewis.

The will (dated June 12, 1900), with two codicils (dated Jan. 17 and July 26, 1901), of Miss Helen Matilda Boyd, of 23, Cedars Road, Clapham Common, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Dec. 16 by Lewis Boyd Sebastian and William Addison, the executors, the value of the estate being £44,929. The testatrix bequeaths £150 each to her executors; £200 to Miss Sebastian; £100 to Major-General Henry Cardew; £200 to Maud Lambert Cardew; and other small legacies. The residue of her property she leaves as to one third to her nephew Matthew Henry Moss; one third, on trust, for her nephew William Boyd Moss and Caroline, his wife; and one third, on trust, for Mrs. Edith Boyd, widow of her nephew the Rev. John Boyd.

The will (dated June 3, 1898) of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Horatio Page Vance, Lieutenant of the Royal Body Guard of Yeomen, of 10, Arundel Terrace, Kemp Town, and Friary Court, St. James's Palace, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Dec. 19 by Dame Mary Emily Vance, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate amounting to £22,439. Subject to a bequest of £5000 to his sister, Elizabeth Louisa Vance, he leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated May 6, 1900), with a codicil (dated July 23, 1901), of Augusta, Countess of Stradbroke, of Southwold House, Southwold, who died on Oct. 11, was proved on Dec. 24 by the Earl of Stradbroke and Colonel Harry Walter Musgrave Bonham, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £20,784. The testatrix gives all the plate with the Bonham crest, the Bonham family pictures, and her property at Carlton, Suffolk, to her son Colonel Bonham; £10,000 between, and certain jewels to, her daughters Lady Sophia Evelyn Heaviside, Lady Gwendoline Colvin, Lady Adela Cochrane, Lady Hilda Maud McNeil, and Lady Augusta Fanny Fane, and £500 each to their children; £500, on trust, for her daughter Edith; and her wardrobe to her maid Dobell. She appoints that part of the funds of her marriage settlement with Colonel Bonham over which she has a power of appointment, to her son Colonel Bonham and her daughter Edith. The Stradbroke jewels and the residue of her property she leaves to her son Lord Stradbroke.

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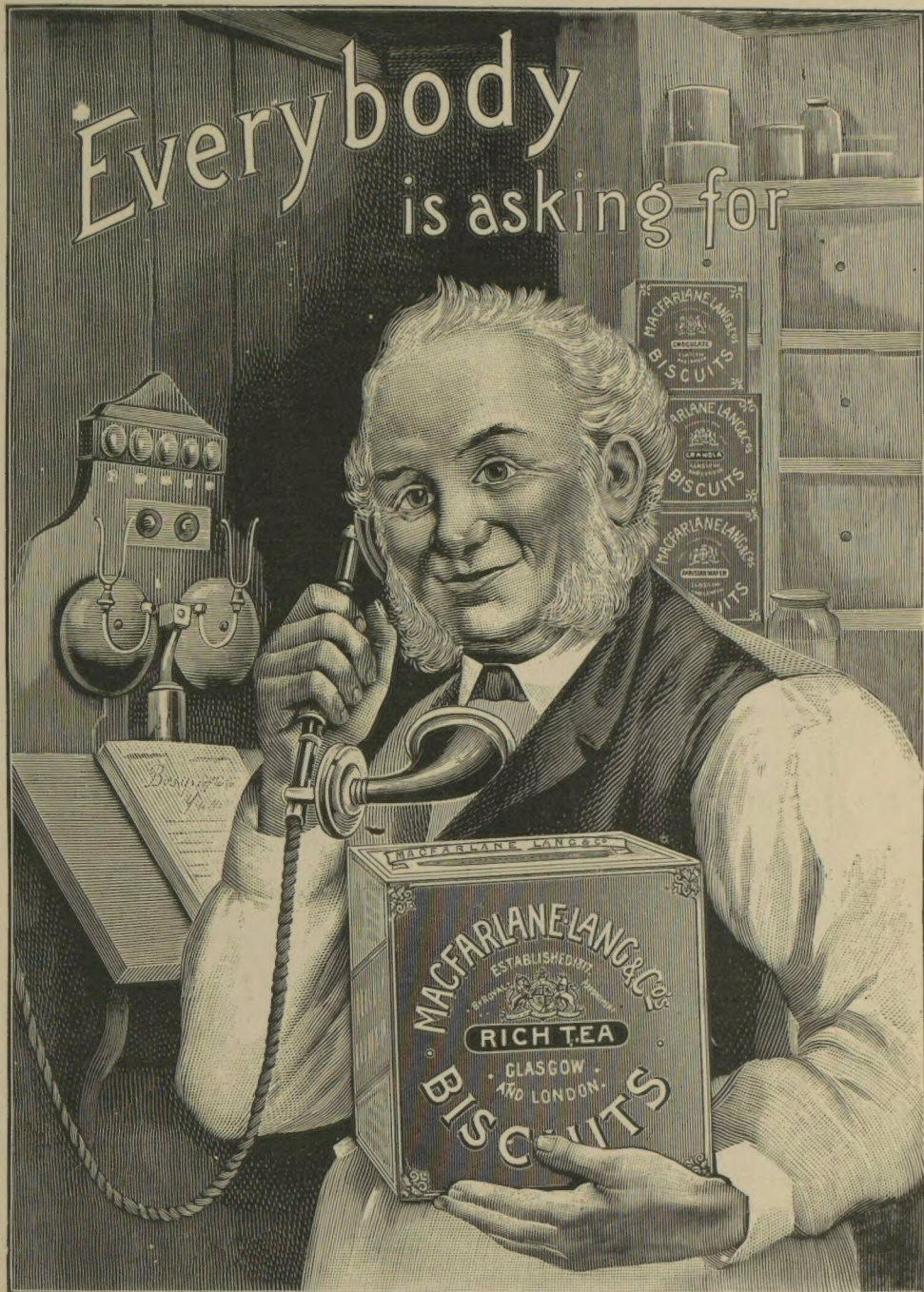
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NEW YEAR-BOOKS.

For the first time in its history "Burke" opens with the name of a King. The historic volume first appeared in the first year of Queen Victoria's reign, and the new issue, aptly enough, contains in its preface a eulogy of the late Sovereign. Another striking change in the book is, of course, to be found in the list of his Majesty's titles, wherein the new style "British Dominions beyond the Seas" appears for the first time. All the familiar features of "Society's Bible" are maintained, and the usual care and labour have been expended to make the information as accurate as possible. A noteworthy feature is the great increase in the Order of Knighthood, owing to the war in South Africa and the Chinese Expedition. In all, thirty-one gentlemen have been knighted, while 877 officers have been decorated with the Distinguished Service Order.

Debrett's "Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthood" makes its annual appearance with an addition of 130 pages, the result of the new honours. Of these, a comparative table is given since 1881, and the statistics show the extraordinary increase in Knighthoods and

Companionships of the Bath. In 1881, seventy-two Knighthoods were conferred, and no Companionships. Last year saw an increase of 162 new Knights and 1530 Companions. One is tempted to ask whether the honour is not likely to suffer depreciation.

The familiar form of "Whitaker's Almanack" is always a welcome accessory to the writing-table, and in this volume also we see the influence of the Accession, and of the additional honours bestowed for services abroad. This year the Almanack has been entirely reset from new type, and will in future be printed from specially prepared plates. "Whitaker" is always a marvel of accuracy, and it is therefore curious to note the transposition of the names of the Savile and Sesame Clubs, thereby providing the former most Donnish institution with all the attributes of a ladies' club, and also, wonderful to relate, with a lady secretary!

That ponderous body of doctrine, the "London Directory," notwithstanding its size, has always managed to appear with its information very closely down to date. The present year's issue contains the appointments to the Princess of Wales's household, which were gazetted

as recently as Dec. 3, and various other particulars of equally recent occurrence. The scheme of the Directory remains unaltered, and facility of reference has, as usual, been kept in view as the main object of the work, of which the one hundred and third issue now reaches us from Messrs. Kelly. Huge as the "London Directory" is, there are, of course, limits to its extent; but anyone who gazes at the increase of bricks and mortar in the environs of the Metropolis must reflect with awe upon the ultimate dimensions of its suburban companion.

"Hazell's Annual" claims to become each year more cosmopolitan in character, and to its well-known motto, "Avaunt, Perplexity," it suggests in its preface the corollary, "My duty to my neighbour is to keep my eye on him," a maxim which this work of reference enables us to do with considerable success. Among the new maps is one of the North-Western Frontier of India, which defines Russia's position with regard to Afghanistan and Persia; also a map of the Balkan Peninsula and of the Nicaragua and Panama Canal routes. The book is wonderfully complete, even to the most recent curtain-raiser at the theatres.

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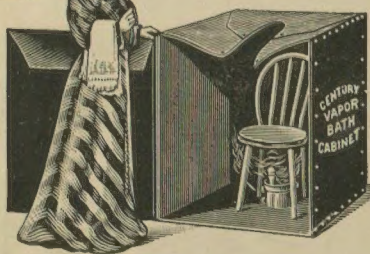
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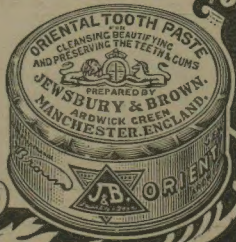
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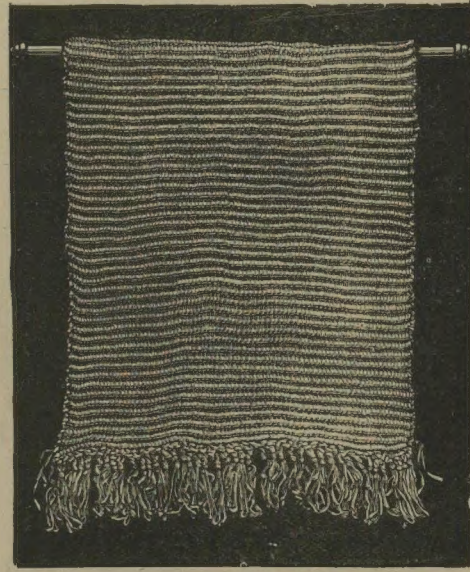
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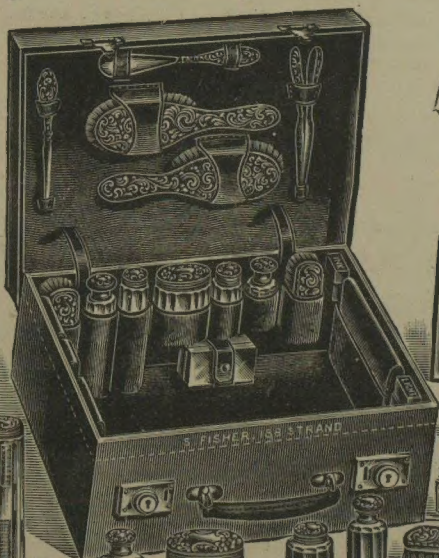
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